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THE GREAT BABY SHOW.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO BROTHER PHINEAS,
BY "OLD SPORT."

Oh, say, did you see that wonderful show,
Which was held at Barnum's a week ago,
Where at least a hundred babies, you know,
Were placed upon exhibition?
'Twas worth a quarter to hear their squalling,
Their crowing, shouting, screaming, bawling,
To see them, their careful nurses mauling,
In many a queer position.

I tell you what! 'twas one of the features,
And answered the place of hosts of teachers,
To tell us about the chubby creatures,
We all desire so much to own.
Babies, rich and poor, and fat and lean,
Handsome, ugly, sharp and green,
Were there in rich profusion seen,
And through the halls were thickly strewn.

Babies single, and babies in pairs,
Gazing about them with baby stares,
Seated in rows upon baby chairs,
Attract the student's attention.
And once in a while there are triplets found,
But that kind of crop don't seem to abound
In this great city, or the regions round,
So they merit special mention.

There are sleepy babies taking a nap,
And hungry babies enjoying their pap—
Pleasant dreams and snoozes on mamma's lap;
As all babies know how to do.
Babies with delicate little toes,
Babies all mouth, and babies all nose,
Babies drest in finest of clothes,
In pretty frocks—red, white and blue.

In fact, there were babies of every kind,
To suit each particular person's mind,
And great the variety there you could find,
Of domestic manufacture.
Now, bachelor friends, I advise you to go
And marry some nice young girl you know,
And be all ready for next year's show,
Or Barnum may read you a lecture.

THE FAST YOUNG MAN.

HIS MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURES
WITH
A DASHING MARCHIONESS.

A THRILLING STORY OF
FAST AND FANCY LIFE,
More particularly in the Cities of New York and Brooklyn, giving a Vivid Portraiture of Secret Intrigues in High Life, and of Midnight Orgies in Water street, and Kindred Localities.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

CHAPTER XVI.

A Row in Greenwich street—Hogan loses his Wife and nose—Death of Jake—Bob's Confession—The Jersey Den—Diker, the Detective, in a tight place.

According to appointment, Hosmer breakfasted with Harrington, and the result of their consultation was, that that same evening, about nine o'clock, they might have been seen sauntering along Broadway, arm and arm, on their way towards Hogan's, which they had agreed to visit together. They were disguised as much as possible, as it was not their purpose to be recognised; and besides, were well armed; but one thing escaped their observation, and that was, that at a considerable distance they were dogged by a tall, slender young fellow, who the previous evening had followed them till Hosmer reached his hotel, and who now was keeping an eye upon them that no vigilance could elude. Let them move as they please, they were never lost sight of. As they passed the corner of Canal street, Jake (for it was he who was behind) stopped for an instant, and addressing a fellow lounging against a lamp post, smoking a cigar, said—

"Hollo, Bob, all right. We've got him again—and that other cove with him; they're jogging along there in mufti, and think nobody twigs 'em, but they can't come over me that way, and what's more, I'll bet they are bound for Hogan's; so rush off and put him up to the time o' day."

"Damn 'em, yes, and blast me if they don't pay that score they owe me for last night."

Bob immediately hastened down Canal street, and Jake resumed his tracks after Harrington and Hosmer, who walked along till they arrived at Courtland street, turning down which they soon reached Greenwich, and in due course entered Hogan's bar-room, where they at once advanced to the counter and called for drinks. Hogan, who was himself in attendance, eyed them closely for a few seconds, and having been prepared by Bob, knew his customers; they gazed cautiously about, and at once recognised Bob, apparently half asleep, in one corner; a few more of the same kidney were round about, and in a short time Jake entered quietly, but not without being noticed by both; his entrance was the signal for a general salutation, and he invited the crowd up to drink.

"Stranger," he said, addressing Hosmer, "what will you take, say? And your friend, too, sail in."

Under any other circumstances, this invitation, for prudential reasons, would have been accepted; but now, Harrington and Hosmer could not bring themselves to associate even for an instant with men whom they knew would not hesitate to do again what they had attempted the previous night; so Harrington simply replied—

"Thank you, we have had enough."

"Enough?" replied Jake. "You're damned easy satisfied, and that's more than what I am—isn't it, Bob?"

"That's so, sure enough, and Jake and I sails in the same boat. Now its no sort o' use a tryin' to gammon *us;* we knows you, for all yer dressin' up, an' I spose you knows us purty well by this time; and all we've got to say is, you must clear out o' this; and what's more never come back again, or it'll be all the worse for you."

"That's the ticket you've got to work upon," said Jake, "and by thunder the quicker yer takes it up the better."

"Shut up yer tater-traps," cried Hogan, "and don't be insultin' the gentry coves in my house; I won't have it, no how; so just clear out o' this or keep mum."

"See you damned first, you bloated old hog; see here, you're got your game, and we have ours, and we vants none o' your blasted interference. You keep yer gab to yerself, or praps you'll find yerself in a queer fix."

The latter part of this speech was almost whispered into Hogan's ear by Bob, but loud enough to reach the ears of Harrington and his companion, who were more than ever convinced that they were on the right track; it was also evident to them that from the manner in which Jake and Bob treated Hogan, they had some power over him which made their threats effective, and he was compelled to subside into a state of surly quietness, which seemed to chafe him much, for he was by no means anxious that a row should occur on his premises; he hated George and Carl, and would, have been glad to have them out of the road; but his bar-room was too public a place, and his character too well known, to run the risk of his place being made the scene of bloodshed.

Half a dozen rough-looking customers—chums of Bob and Jake—had nearly surrounded Harrington and Hosmer, who, though anything but cowards, had no wish to be involved in a brawl with such a set. Harrington, therefore, paid for the liquor they had drank and made a movement as if to leave the place, when Bob, with a sudden spring, darted at Hosmer with a long bowie knife, and aimed a blow at him, which would probably have ended his earthy career; but, quick as lightning, Harrington, who had been keeping his eyes open, caught him a clip with the left hand under the ear, which sent him almost head over ears to the far corner of the room; and now all became confusion. Jake drew a revolver and fired at Harrington; the ball whizzed past his ear, and went crash through the partition behind the bar; this was followed by a scream and a heavy fall; Bob recovered his feet in time to see Hogan fire at his friend Jake who was brought to the ground by a ball in the chest and rendered helpless, Bob jumped the counter, and with an oath seized Hogan by the throat, and the two rolled upon the floor. In the meantime, Harrington and Hosmer were defending themselves against the remaining assailants, whom they floored one after the other in masterly style, but at last were compelled from their numerical superiority to keep them at bay with their revolvers; at this stage a body of police made their way into the room, and the vigorous application of their locusts soon brought the belligerents to their senses by depriving most of them of any they might possess, and in that condition they were secured. Bob, who had obtained the upper hand of Hogan, was dragged off him, when it was found he had bitten Hogan's nose completely off; the horrible appearance now presented by Hogan was appalling, and it required all the strength of several men to hold him back from flying at Bob. But the horror was increased when in the room behind the bar, Hogan's wife was found lying dead; Jake's ball having entered her brain, and killed her on the spot. The premises were immediately taken possession of by the police, and all the inmates placed under surveillance. Hogan and Jake were taken to the hospital, and the remainder to the Station-house, accompanied by Harrington and Hosmer, who gave their account of the transaction, and the former being well known was accepted as surety for Hosmer's appearance when required.

A messenger from the hospital informed them that Jake's wound was fatal, and that he was fast sinking, and could not possibly live till morning; on hearing this, Bob inquired if he was able to say anything, and learning that he was insensible, and would probably remain so till death, resolved for his own safety to make a clean breast of it, and peach upon Hogan, against whom he now bore a deadly and remorseless hate for treachery; for he perceived how it was that Hogan had shot Jake to get rid of him, and doubted not but that he also would have fallen had the vigorous steps he had taken not prevented Hogan from completing his designs. He requested an interview with the Chief of Police, in presence of Hosmer and Harrington, and made a full confession of all he knew of Hogan and his deeds; how he and Jake had been bribed by Hogan to assist in the robbery of the two girls by a present of money and their wills of their persons, and how they had succeeded but too well in all their purposes, except in their last exploit, when, at the instance of Hogan, they had endeavored to get rid of Hosmer, as they anticipated he would prove very troublesome in his search for his sisters; his surprise was great when informed that Carl had found his sisters, and learned from them the history of their wrongs. From him the police also got full information about Hogan's place in Jersey, and thither officers were dispatched without delay to secure the old woman, Hogan's mother, and take charge of the place where it was hoped to find much of the proceeds of many a robbery.

Next morning Jake died, and a coroner's inquest returned a verdict of wilful murder against Hogan; while in a similar enquiry as to Hogan's wife, the jury found that she came to her death by a ball fired from a pistol in the hands of Jake; but he was past being affected by this; while Hogan's state of mind, super-added to his physical pains, rendered him a most pitiable object. On examining the body of Mrs. Hogan, the money taken from Hosmer's sisters was found in a parcel complete; besides many other packages of various sums which had at one time reposed in the pockets and purses of one or the other of her boarders, from which they had been abstracted by means both unpleasant and mysterious to the owners.

The officers sent to Hogan's den in Jersey were not long in discovering it, having been well directed by Bob. Two of them approached the door, while others surrounded the place at some little distance, as they deemed it not unlikely, from information in their possession, that they might entrap some more of Hogan's pals, and that Downy Jim and Burke might be hiding about the premises. On knocking, the old woman made her appearance, and was at once secured in such a manner as to prevent her from sounding any alarm; and Diker and his mate proceeded carefully to make a search. They were thus engaged, and in ransacking some trunks, and in the very room where the scenes between Bob and Jake and Hosmer's sisters had occurred, when they suddenly found themselves pinioned from behind, and thrown violently on the ground; the attack, which was made by means of a secret panel, was so unexpected that ere the officers had time to recover themselves they each had a most impressive persuader administered in the shape of a blow from the butt end of a pistol, and were then bound hand and foot. In this position Burke addressed them:—

"Vell, Diker, has yer anything ter say vy I doesn't finish yer off at once, and be done with yer? You've bin a follerin me for many years, and I'm tired of yer life, if you ain't [illegible] a mind to ease you of it [illegible]"

"You have me fairly this time," replied Diker, "but my life is safe, for this very good reason, that you know that the house is surrounded by my men, and that in ten minutes, if we don't make our appearance, they will be here."

"They vill, vill they? We shall see; in the meantime, let me make you acquainted with some of our pals;" and applying a small whistle to his lips, there entered by both door and panel, about a dozen of as ruffianly-looking rascals as ever stepped in shoe-leather.

They immediately formed a circle round the prostrate prisoners, and Jim spoke.

"Pals," said he, "we have got a couple of birds into our nest, vich, though not much vorth so far as rhino is concerned, is invaluable as prizes, for they is two of the men vich has all along hunted us most wiolently, and now, wot is our decision as to their fate?"

"Death! Death!" was the unanimous cry.

"You hears wot my pals says, and wot they say is law; but now we must attend to your friends, who will be expecting you; so in the meantime ve vill put you in safe keeping."

A trap door in the room in which they were was then raised, and carried by two powerful men, they were taken down a number of steps; they were then laid in a dark cell, bound as they were; the door was shut, the bolts fastened, and they were left to themselves, not without many protests on their part, but which only afforded subject for mirth to those into whose hands they had fallen.

The gang now commenced to prepare for the reception of those still remaining outside. The shutters, which were all lined with iron, and each provided with a couple of small loopholes, were closed; and the door, which was also strengthened in a similar manner, was secured with heavy bars and chains; and each man was fully armed, not only with pistols and knives, but guns as well. They had not long to wait, for in a short time from different quarters, six men were noticed approaching; at a given signal three of the gang fired, and two of the party fell; they were instantly picked up by their companions, and carried off to where the conveyances were which brought them; getting into which they effected what the newspapers would term an "orderly retreat." It was now nearly dark, and Burke and his crew made instant arrangements to quit the place, which they were aware was now too hot to hold them. Of Hogan's arrest they had already been made aware, so it required no consideration for them to get vehicles and carry off all that was valuable, not forgetting the old woman. In a short time they had emptied the place, and were off for some other and safer domicile. Before leaving, however, they set fire to the house, hoping thereby to wipe out all traces of themselves, and the lives of Diker and his companion at the same time.

Brightly the blaze burst forth and illumined the sky for miles around; a throng was not long in collecting, but all efforts to save the building were ineffectual, and soon nothing was left but the roofless wall. Most of the spectators returned to their homes, but a few remained to gather from the ruins whatever they might find useful; one of these, in scrambling among the embers, all at once disappeared through a hole, much to the astonishment of those near him. They came to his assistance, and found that he had fallen down a flight of stone steps into a cellar, but what was their surprise when they heard moans coming, as it were, through the walls. An active search discovered the door of the cell in which Diker and his partner were confined, and they were soon restored to the fresh air of heaven, without which they would have, in a very short time, been suffocated; as it was, a considerable time elapsed before they altogether recovered their strength, and were able to return to New York, sadder, if not wiser men.

CHAPTER XXII.

Tom D'Orsay and his wife—Some trace of the Southern Merchant—A night attack—Death of one of the Robbers—Burke and Jim at work again.

In an elegant little mansion up town sat one evening, about the time of these events, a handsome couple; they were man and wife, but from their endearing little attentions to each other, they might have been taken still for lovers; not but that man and wife may be lovers, but after marriage their attentions to each other assume a more staid aspect, and subside into mere polite civilities. In this case, however, they seem to have lost nothing of their warmth. And well might they regard each other fondly. The husband was a tall, handsome fellow, with a noble head, and commanding presence. The wife was in every respect a fit match for him—she was our old friend Miss Duval, Emma Littleton's acquaintance, and he was Thomas D'Orsay, the former footman of her father's, with whom she had eloped. They had just finished supper, and were seated comfortably, one on each side of the fireplace.

"And so, my darling," said he, addressing his wife, "you have been to see your friend Emma Littleton to-day—how is she? Is her illness very serious?"

"Well, dearest, I can hardly say; I was admitted to see her for only a few minutes, and during our interview she seemed restless and very unlike her former self; her manner towards me was so constrained that I felt relieved when she pleaded headache, and I took it as a hint to go; there is an expression about her I cannot interpret; her indisposition was certainly very sudden, and my impression is, there must be something peculiar about it."

"It is certainly strange, but I suppose we shall learn more of it some day; her intended marriage with old Oliphant, too, is a mystery; she had before refused his hand, and this sudden change in his favor is curious, at least."

"I think so, too, for I know she detested him above all men, there must be some urgent reason for her conduct; but what that may be I am utterly at a loss to guess. Ah! how blessed I am with my dear handsome fellow!"

"Oh, you little flatterer—but I promised I would tell you a tale this evening, and I am about to fulfil my promise, as circumstances have lately occurred which may render it necessary that I assert a position which I have for many years kept in abeyance. You know, my love, that when we were married I insisted upon taking employment, and how successful I was in obtaining a respectable and highly lucrative berth. My reason for this, as you are aware, was to hold a position in the world above dependency on my wife for support, and the result is, that we are happy. Now I am much more than happy; I was at first afraid that your regard for me would prove evanescent, but my fondest hopes have been more than anticipated, and I am ashamed of my former incredulity; but now to my tale:—

"I was born in Washington, and had but one brother, who was the elder; our father, who was a merchant of no great means, had made a runaway marriage with my mother, (so you see, my love, it kind of runs in my blood) who was for that reason disowned by her friends, as she was considered to have married far beneath her; be that as it may, they lived happily together for upwards of three years, when my mother died, after giving me birth; after this, my mother's friends came forward, and, with the consent of my father, took my elder brother in charge, and I only remained with him; but the death of his wife preyed upon his mind, and when I was about seven years old, he also died, leaving me in the care of an only sister, a venerable spinster, who, though possessed of but a moderate income, did her best to bring me up in a respectable manner. When I was fifteen, she also went the way of all flesh, and I was left alone in the world. I never saw or heard of my brother again. All I could learn was that my mother, whose maiden name was Norton, was connected with one of the wealthiest and proudest families in South Carolina, but with the exception of the single occasion of my mother's death, they had never taken any notice of my father or his affairs. After my aunt's death, papers were put into my possession which proved my father to have been a French nobleman, who had to flee to this country for refuge during the revolution; and therefore, my love, who knows but that you may at this moment be a countess?"

"Ah, Tom, Tom, I would rather have my own dear Tom than all the counts in the world."

"I believe you, dearest, but you may yet have Tom and a count all in one. But a truce to joking, for the most important part is yet to come. I came to New-York, and fought for a living in an honest though humble way till I saw you. I need scarcely tell how I fell in love, and resolved to try and obtain your hand. The step I took in becoming a menial was somewhat against my inclination, but the result has fully repaid me; and now comes the strange part of my story. Looking over an old *Herald* lately, I fell in with an advertisement offering a reward of $500 for information respecting an old gentleman named William Davis Norton, who suddenly disappeared some time ago in New-York, and in whose possession was a large amount of money. Now I cannot divest myself of the idea that this is one of my mother's friends, and that it may affect me intimately."

"Well, my dear Tom, I'll be proud if you do turn out to be a count; and then won't my friends be happy to renew our acquaintance? But about this Norton, how do you propose to act? Have you made any inquiries as yet?"

"Almost none. I called on the Chief of Police to-day, and it turns out that the reward is offered by the proprietors of the hotel, who are enterprising men. I also saw them; his luggage has been examined, but no papers of any value, or that could lead to any clue of his connections, had been discovered, and so the matter rests at present; but we have agreed to advertise concerning him in some of the South Carolina papers; and that may lead to something."

"Well, my dear count, I hope you will not fail to allow me to share with you the expense, if any be incurred in this investigation."

"Now not another word; you know all along I have refused to touch a cent of your money, and I will adhere to this resolve till I am in a position to do so without incurring the risk of being called mercenary; no more of that, I pray you, as you love me."

Miss Duval's marriage had effected a material change upon her; she was no longer the thoughtless being whose ideas of duties as a wife were so lax; the love of her husband had awakened [illegible] of mere sensual enjoyment, [illegible] away the demon joy to her husband, and a model wife.

In a few hours the house was still; all the inmates had retired to rest, and not a sound could be heard but the wind which whistled round the corners and through the key-holes, making melancholy music which almost lulled those to sleep as they listened to it. As it drew towards midnight rain began to fall, and, driven about by gusts of wind outside made by contrast, the inside of the house all the more desirable.

About two o'clock in the morning, D'Orsay awoke suddenly from his sleep, and fancied that he had been disturbed by some noise; he listened attentively for some time, but thinking he had been deceived, endeavored to compose himself to sleep; but an undefined sense of danger kept him awake, and so restless did he become that he was obliged to get up and partially dress himself by the feeble light of a night lamp which he always kept burning in his room; he was thus engaged when he distinctly heard a sort of grating noise, as if some one was trying to pry open one of the shutters in the room below; he at once awakened his wife as quietly as possible, and conveyed to her his impression that robbers were about the premises (which were situated at a considerable distance from any other mansion). She was very much frightened, but her love for her husband and the urgency of the moment rendered her brave, and with heroic fortitude she consulted with him what was best to be done. With the domestics, who slept in the upper part of the house, there was no communication except by going up and arousing them, and she was about to undertake this duty while her husband kept guard below, when, to their consternation, footsteps, and voices as if whispering in consultation were heard within a few feet of their chamber door; this scheme was, therefore, frustrated at once—a minute later, and a hand was placed upon the knob outside, and an endeavor made to gain an entrance, but with deliberate aim D'Orsay sent a ball crashing through the panel; the effect of this was a torrent of imprecations, and a rush as if to break in; Tom gave them the contents of another barrel of his revolver, and now an ax applied by a powerful arm outside split the door into shivers, and three men disguised with masks on their faces, rushed in.

"Damnation," cried one of them, "put up yer blasted shooting iron or it will be all the worse for you. Give us yer money and yer plate, and we'll leave."

But Tom's only reply was with a revolver in each hand, and protecting his wife with his body, to dare them to advance another step; but the miscreants were not without arms, and a bullet whistled past his ear in uncomfortable proximity; to this he replied, and had the satisfaction of seeing one of his assailants brought to his knees, who began to make good his escape by crawling the best way he could from the room; but he had still two to deal with, and with curses they simultaneously fired, and though Tom gave them a barrel from each hand, all of them went wide of their mark, and with desperate leaps they threw themselves upon him, and bore him to the ground. And now commenced a fearful struggle. Powerful as he was, he could not compete successfully with two such demons as now had him in their power. One of them had him by the throat, while the other was about to plunge a knife into his breast, when his wife, snatching up a pistol which had fallen from her husband's hand, placed the muzzle to the ear of the fellow with the knife, drew the trigger, and in a second he rolled on the floor, a hideous corpse. Tom, who had been stunned but for an instant by his fall, still grasped his other pistol, and with it struck the man who held him down such a blow in the face with the butt end, that caused him to relinquish his grip; the household being by this time aroused, the burglar began to fancy that he had got into rather a tight fix, and prepared to beat a retreat. He accordingly made for the door, followed by Tom, who endeavored to bring him down by a shot or two, but with the exception of grazing his shoulder, he did him no further harm; he at last, by a powerful jump down stairs, got his hand upon his collar, but before he had time to secure his grasp, the fugitive turned round, and with his fist laid him sprawling on his back, and got clear off.

Some police, who had heard the firing at some distance, now made their appearance, and a search was at once instituted in the neighborhood for the other wounded man, but no trace of him could be found, so it was concluded that he had, with some assistance, made his escape also; the dead burglar was, however, recognized as one of a gang of which Downy Jim and Burke were the principals, and there seemed little doubt from the nature and boldness of their operations, that they were the other parties in the transaction.

And now that she felt herself safe, D'Orsay's wife, whose courage had hitherto been equal to the occasion, sank exhausted and fainting into the arms of her husband, who, though considerably bruised, was not materially injured; but she, rejoicing in his safety, was not long in recovering, and a strong watch having been detailed to remain and take care of the burglar's body, the house was in a short time restored to quietness till daylight should afford opportunity for a fuller and more extensive investigation.—To be continued.

WHEN is an angler patient in his sport?—When he waits for daze (days) and gets nothing.

THE ROPE DANCER.

HIS DEATH AT THE HANDS OF A PARENT.

An affecting scene recently transpired at the Old Bailey, in London. George Hammond, a portrait painter, was placed at the bar, to be tried on an indictment found against him by the Grand Jury for the willful murder, with malice aforethought, of George Baldwin, a rope dancer and mountebank. The prisoner was a man of medium height, but slender form. His eyes were blue and mild. His whole bearing gave evidence of subdued sadness and melancholy resignation. He was 41 years of age, had a soft voice, and his appearance and manner bore evidence of his being a man of distinguished education, in spite of the poverty of his dress. On being called out to plead, the prisoner admitted that he did kill Baldwin, and he deplored the act—adding, however, that, on his soul and conscience, he did not believe himself guilty. Thereupon a jury was empanneled to try the prisoner. The indictment was then read to the jury, and the act of killing being admitted, the government rested their case, and the prisoner was called upon for his defence. The prisoner then addressed himself to the Court and jury:—"My Lord," said he, "my justification is to be found in a recital of the facts. Three years ago I lost a daughter, then four years of age, the sole memorial of a beloved wife, whom it had pleased God to recall to himself. I lost her, but I did not see her die. She disappeared—she was stolen from me. She was a charming child, and but her I had nobody in the world to love me. Gentlemen, what I have suffered cannot be described; you cannot comprehend it. I had expended in advertising and fruitless searches everything I possessed—furniture, pictures, even to my clothes. All have been sold. For three years on foot I have been seeking for my child in all the cities and all the villages in the three kingdoms. As soon as by painting portraits I had succeeded in gaining a little money, I returned to London to commence my advertisements in the newspapers. At length, on Friday, the 14th of April last, I crossed the Smithfield cattle market. In the centre of the market a troupe of mountebanks were performing. Among them a child was turning on its head, ported on a halberd. A ray from the soul of its mother must have penetrated my own, for me to have recognised my child in that condition. It was my poor child. Her mother would perhaps have precipitated herself toward her, and locked herself in her arms. As for me a veil passed over my eyes. I knew not how it was—I, habitually gentle, even to weakness, seized him by the clothes—I raised him in the air, then dashed him to the ground—then again; he was dead. Afterward I repented what I had done. At the moment I regretted that I was able to kill but one."

Lord Chief Justice Tindale—"These are not Christian sentiments. How can you expect the Court and jury to look with favor on your defence, or God to pardon you, if you cannot forgive?"

Prisoner—"I know, my Lord, what will be your judgment, and that of the jury; but God has pardoned me; I feel it in my heart. You know not, I knew not then, the whole extent of the evil that man had done. When some compassionate people brought me my daughter in prison, she was no longer my child; she was no longer pure and angelic as formerly; she was corrupt, body and soul—her manner, her language, infamous—like those with whom she had been living. I did not recognise her myself. Do you comprehend now? That man had robbed me of the love and soul of my child. And I—I have killed him but once."

Foreman—"My Lord, we have agreed on our verdict."

Chief Justice—"I understand you, gentlemen, but the law must take its course. I must sum up the case, and then you will retire to deliberate."

The Chief Justice having summed up the case, the jury retired, and in an instant after returned into Court with a verdict of "Not Guilty."

On the discharge of Hammond, the sheriff was obliged to surround him with an escort. The women were determined to carry him off in triumph. The crowd followed him all the way to his lodgings with deafening shouts and huzzas.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES FOR THE YOUNG.

HUNT THE HARE.—This is a famous sport, and may be played either in the house or out of doors. It is peculiarly adapted for boys, but venturesome girls may also play at it. First, select your huntsmen, and find out those amongst the remainder who are good runners; choose them for the hounds, and arm them with long canes; then procure a young kitten; all stand up in two rows, the hounds in front, and the huntsmen behind; start the kitten, and after it has run a few yards all must dart off with loud shouts after it. The game is not to kill the kitten by thrashing it with sticks, but to frighten it by running it as far as you can, until it drops down from exhaustion, and dies with *fear.* The first who can secure the kitten in this manner wins the game, and is called the Royal Huntsman. A great improvement to the Hunt [illegible] a dog or two, if you can get them.

[illegible] is entirely new. Choose a [illegible] fore your papa returns from his business, secure his slippers, hide them; the cistern or water butt is the best place to hide them in, if you can get at it easily. As soon as papa has changed his wet clothes there will be a terrible hunt for the slippers, in which the whole household will be engaged, and will afford you infinite merriment.

A CAPITAL TRICK WITH A TUMBLER.—Procure a penny piece, and having made it red hot, throw it out of the window to any acrobat who may be performing in the street; if he catches it in his hand, which he is almost sure to do, it will severely burn him, and cause yourself and friends much merriment.

RAREY OUTDONE.—The following is part of a sermon which was preached "away down South in Dixie," by a Baptist minister, a short time ago. When drawing near the close, he said:—

"Brethren, I am a hostler, and I must curry these horses before I leave. Here is the high blooded Episcopalian horse; see what a high head he carries, and how black his coat is, soft as silk; but he'll kick you if you touch him on his litany or prayers. Whoa, sir, whoa! Here is an old sober Methodist horse. Whoa, old fellow! Just slip away his love feasts and class meetings, and he'll kick till he falls. Whoa, you old shouter, whoa! And here is the horse that is ready to kick at all times; don't you go near confessional or penance. Whoa, Mr. Pope! how beautiful his trappings are!—his surplice and mitre! Whoa, sir, whoa!"

And so he went on through the various denominations.

When he was nearly through, an old Methodist gentleman, well known in the place, offered his services to conclude, which were readily accepted. He said:—

"Friends, I have learned this morning how to dress down horses, and as the brother has passed upon two of them, I take it upon myself to finish the work. Here is an animal that is neither one thing nor the other. He is treacherous and uncertain; you cannot trust him; he'll kick his best friend for a controversy. Whoa, mule, whoa! See, brethren, how he kicks! Whoa, you old Campbellite! Here friends, is an animal that is so stubborn he will not let me into his stall to eat from his trough; he is so stubborn that he would not go where a prophet wished him; he is so hard-mouthed that Sampson used his jawbone as a weapon of war against the Philistines. Whoa, you close-communion Baptist, whoa!"

"Do you mean to call me an ass?" exclaimed the minister, jumping up.

"Whoa!" contined his tormentor; "see him kick, whoa! Hold him, friends, whoa!"

And thus the old gentleman went on, the minister ranting meanwhile until he got out of the church.

The audience unanimously agreed that they had never seen an ass so completely "curried" before.

CATCHING TIGERS IN COCHIN CHINA.—Many of them obtain their livelihood by tiger catching, the skin of this animal being valuable. They use a novel mode of ensnaring those savage beasts. Two Malays generally go in company, and travel over many parts of the country. Those who follow this business regularly have chops, or permits, from the Quong of Saigon, allowing them to build a hut for their use in any place they see fit. The hut is built on the top of four bamboos, from 15 to 20 feet high; and, as the tiger cannot climb these, the two men can remain in it, and watch their snares in safety. The snare consists of large leaves, or sometimes pieces of paper, of six inches square, covered on one side with a substance of the same nature as bird-lime, and containing a poison, the smallest particle of which, getting into the animal's eyes, causes instant and total blindness. They are laid about thickly, with the bird-lime side upwards, in the track of a tiger; and as surely as the animal puts his paw on one of the treacherous leaves, he becomes a victim; for, finding it stuck to his foot, he shakes it, by which means other leaves adhere to it; he then probably rubs his paw over his head, in the attempt to rid himself of these leafy encumbrances, but they stick to his head and face; he then, perhaps, rolls himself on the ground, when he becomes fairly covered; and, while scratching and rubbing himself to get free, some of the poisonous bird-lime gets into his eyes and blinds him. He growls and roars in agony, and this is the signal for his captors to come and dispatch him. The Malays then skin the animal, and take away parts of his body that may be valuable. They leave the carcase, well strewn with leaves, as a bait for other tigers. Other animals, and birds also, they ensnare in the same manner.

MR. TOM TAYLOR.—This eminent volunteer and dramatic author is a very eccentric individual. In his character of Taylor he writes all his compositions sitting cross-legged, and insists upon being paid by the piece. His eye is as sharp as a needle, and he is unfortunately afflicted with a stitch in the side. He dines every day off goose; and in cold weather bastes himself every morning. His literary success he attributes to sheer good luck. His real Christian name is Pierre Francois which he had adapted from the French, and translated into English as Tom.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1862.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BLACK CHALK, Malden.—Since Charley Lynch has been in England, he has fought the following battles;—Beat Gillett the Tough; beaten by Simon Finighty, 96 rounds, 2 hours 48 min., October 27, 1857—Lynch lost by a foul blow; beat Harrington, 58 rounds, 77 min., June 10, 1858; beat Sullivan, 29 rounds, 48 min., Aug. 17, 1858; beaten by Dan Thomas, 56 rounds, 1 hour 40 min., January 25, 1859; beat Simon Finighty, 43 rounds, 70 min., Aug. 2, 1859; beaten by Billy Shaw, they fought 37 rounds on the first day, and on the next, April 19, 1860, they fought 24 rounds more, the time occupied in all being 1 hour 45 min.; beaten by Holden, 54 rounds, 1 hour 27 min., December 24, 1861. This completes his record, making four wins, and four defeats.

A AND B, Boston.—Mace and Sayers have never met in a prize ring encounter, nor in any other, so far as we are aware; although about eight months since, a would-be sporting paper of this city, with its accustomed veracity (?) stated that they had had a turn-up in a bar-room in Liverpool, which, as we stated at the time, was a hoax of the most palpable kind, Sayers and Mace at that time having never even quarrelled. By taking the CLIPPER as your authority, such errors will be avoided.

LILLY OF THE VALLEY, Springfield, Mass.—The following are the dimensions and number of seats in the Academy of Music in this city:—Area of stage 4570 feet, depth 57¼ feet, width 83 feet; proscenium 49 feet wide; parquette 93 feet wide and 108 feet deep. Total area of ground, 2493 feet, 204 on 14th street and 122 on Irving Place. The parquette seats 550, parquette circle 515, 2d tier 435, amphitheatre 1,000, private boxes 50. Grand total, 2,550.

C. S. B., Cleveland, O.—Your request for the name of some play with *no female* character cannot be gratified. Shakespeare has given us "Timon of Athens," "Julius Cæsar," "Cymbeline," and others which come somewhat near to your requirement. But you might as well have a wheel without a hub as a play without a woman. You must do as other men did before the stage was honored with flesh-and-blood actresses of the real article, and no mistake.

JERSEY BLUE, Newark, N. J.—Our reply last week was an oversight on the part of the proof-reader. It should read: "the non-dealer scores game," as we wrote it. There is nothing in Hoyle touching "Pitch." In England, it is the custom in "seen all-fours," to accord game to the non-dealer; and in "blind all-fours," to the non-pitcher; but there are no printed laws for the latter.

READER, Ogdensburgh, N. Y.—1. Your best way would be to seek some subordinate capacity in a circus company, where you could observe for yourself. 2. We know of no such book, but you would do well to address some of our book advertisers, as within.

LIVE OAK, Belvidere, Ill.—*Billiards.*—If a player's ball goes off the table after having struck his opponent's white ball, does it entail a forfeiture of three, the same as if it had gone off the table after having struck a red ball, or if it had not struck any ball, or is the forfeiture only two?.....The forfeiture for going off the table after having struck a white ball, is two points only.

W. KING, Springfield, Ill.—1. Subscription received. 2. Your letter, dated 6th, postmark 8th, was received here on the 11th, too late for publication, under the circumstances. When next you send "two of a kind," let them both come together. You understand, we presume.

SUBSCRIBER, Philad'a—1. We have no CHAMPIONSHIP CLIPPERS left; neither have we the papers containing those gymnastic articles. "Walker's Manly Exercises" will aid you. T. B. Peterson should have the work for sale. 2. See report of matches in our last.

CONSTANT READER, N. Y.—Johnny Roach, at the Oriental, 116 Bowery; or Bill Clarke, at the Gem, corner of Houston and Crosby streets, would "put you through a course of sprouts," or else inform you who would, doubtless.

GEO. H. W., St. Louis.—We have not used it ourselves, nor do we know of any one who has, therefore we are unable to speak of its merits. It will cost you but one dollar to prove it for yourself. It is sent by both mediums.

F, W. E., Muscatine, Iowa.—We fully appreciate your kindness in tendering us an invitation to come that way, but the distance is almost too great. However, we might make a "tower" in that direction at some future time.

A LOVER OF FAIR PLAY, Philadelphia.—It will be necessary for us to receive a more clearly defined statement, before we can undertake to re-decide the question.

P. G. C.—The Atlantic Base Ball Club of Brooklyn, ranks as the champion club; a position which they have held for several years, having never been defeated in a home-and-home match.

P. P., Philad'a.—1. Tony Pastor is a native of New York city, and was born in Greenwich street. It is his real name. 2. Hernandez is a Cuban by birth, and was born in Havana.

ROVER.—You will observe, by referring to our theatrical department, that the facts of which you write, are already sufficiently corroborated. Thanks.

ANCIENT.—Not being in that line, we are unable to give you the information desired. [illegible] is now performing in [illegible], France.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—You have lost your bet, as Mr. Forrest has played that character several times within the past ten years.

JACK CADE, Washington.—It is late now, besides, we have destroyed the letter.

J. F.—We have not heard of Mrs. Matt Peel's Minstrels lately. 2. What little there was, went to his wife, we have understood.

JUSTITIA, Philad'a.—We did not preserve the article.

B., Jersey City.—He was in this city last week.

RANDOLPH Y.—We cannot locate them.

MR. BONNER'S FAST TEAM.—On several occasions, lately, the very fast team of Mr. Bonner has "showed" on one of the Long Island race tracks, much to the delight of those who witnessed their performances. Having favored the New Yorkers with a view of his horses, Mr. B. was written to by a gentleman of Philadelphia, requesting him, Mr. B., to permit his pair to be sent to Philadelphia for exhibition at Point Breeze Park, *the proceeds to be for the benefit of the Volunteer Refreshment Saloons, and the sick and wounded soldiers.* To this request, the owner of the horses replied that, while he keeps his horses for his own recreation, and has invariably declined to exhibit them at Agricultural Fairs and Horse Shows, he would have no objection to comply with the request, provided *two-thirds of the clergy of Philadelphia consider* THE OBJECT A GOOD ONE, and will sign an invitation for him to drive his horses on Point Breeze Park for the purpose specified. We do not see that it needs a certificate from clergymen to verify that the object is a good one, for the object vouches for itself. If vouchers were needed, however, the hundred thousand volunteers who have been gratuitously refreshed at the saloons named, would be a better guarantee that "the object is a good one," than certificates signed by all the clergy in the land. What have the clergy to do with the matter at all? Why are they to be consulted in preference to the soldiers who have been benefited by "the object?" If Mr. Bonner needs evidence as to the worthy character of the Philadelphia Refreshment Saloons, let him make known the fact to the colonel of each regiment that has passed through that city, and our word for it he will not be long kept in ignorance of the fact that "the object *is* a good one."

IN THE REAR.—Gen. McClellan labors under many disadvantages in his forward movement, for while he is watching the rebel enemy in front, he is subject to continual attacks from "loyal" enemies in his rear—enemies in the shape of newspaper scribblers, who embrace every opportunity to harass and annoy our young general, and belittle him in the eyes of the nation. It may be well enough to say that these enemies of McClellan—and consequently of his army—who almost adore their commander—are politicians, "dyed in the wool," who care more for their own political interests than they do for the welfare of the nation. It is painful to state that these political gamesters, and dabblers in matters they do not understand, have received encouragement from certain parties at head quarters in Washington, and this fact stimulates them to a continuance of their attacks. If a reverse should check our army at Richmond, it may be traced to information furnished the enemy by our "loyal" opponents of Gen. McClellan.

THE DERBY.—"Hold yer hosses," boys; yes, and your tongues and purses too, for that matter. The great race came off on the 4th, the same day that the China came off for this country, and the China came off Cape Race some days ago. It is possible, therefore, that the result may be known here, so beware how you bet.

P.S.—Since penning the above, we have received per telegraph from St. John, N. F., a summary of the European news per steamer Nova Scotian, off Cape Race, in which it is announced that Caractacus is the winner of the Derby, the odds against him having been forty to one.

ONEIDA RACE COURSE.—This course was to have been opened for the first time this season, on Saturday afternoon, 14th inst.

"TROUT HUNT."—A company of gentlemen of this city, consisting of Mr. Allen Conrey, Ex-Marshal De Angelis, and Judge Phillips, started out on a trouting expedition a week or so ago, and proceeded as far as Union Village, Washington county, N. Y., where they were the guests of Corbyn C. Dean, of that place. On Saturday, 7th, they commenced the sport, and caught fifteen pounds of trout, which, however, owing to the rough nature of the country, could not well be preserved. On Monday, 9th, they proceeded to "Batten Kill," where they fished and caught twenty pounds of beautiful brook trout, the largest of which weighed within a fraction of two pounds. Altogether, the excursion was one of the most pleasant they ever participated in, the company being absent nearly a week. The piscatorial results of the "hunt" were safely brought to this city, and exhibited to a number of the friends of the excursionists. A more beautiful "catch" of brook trout, taken all together, is seldom seen. Through the kindness of our neighbor, Mr. Allen Conrey, of the "Express," No. 101 Nassau street, we tested the quality of some of those delicious fish on the 11th, at our evening meal. The party speak in high terms of the pleasure they experienced on the trip, and desire to express their thanks to Mr. Dean, Dr. Crosby, Mr. Charles Crosby, of Brattleborough, Vermont, Mr. John White, and Mr. Morey, President of the Washington County Bank, and his gentlemanly sons, for their manifold acts of courtesy, hospitality, and good feeling; and *we* return our thanks to Mr. Conrey for our being made an "accessary after the fact."

THE BEST RACE ON RECORD.—From Lexington *via* Cincinnati, we are in receipt of the following paragraph in reference to what is claimed to be the best race at mile heats on record:—

LEXINGTON, KY., June 10.—The best race, at mile heats, on record, was run yesterday on the Lexington Association Race Course, by the beaten horses of the previous week's races—John Clay's bay colt "Wagram," by imported "Yorkshire," dam "Topaz," by imported "Glencoe," four years old. Time, 1:44¼ 1:46¾, 1:45¼, 1:50¼, 1:45¼. H. P. McGrath's "Mammona," four years old, by imported "Sovereign," dam "Miriam," by imported "Glencoe." Clay's position in the race, 4th, 6th, 1st, 1st, 1st. "Mammona's" position, 1st, 1st, 4th, 6th, distanced.

CRICKET.

CRICKETING, BASE BALL,

MILITARY, TRAVELLING, AND BOATING,

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CRICKET, CRICKET, CRICKET.

The largest, best and cheapest stock of Cricket Implements in the United States, can be found at J. PARKER'S,

Germantown, Philad'a., Pa.

List of prices sent gratis. Laws of Cricket, 6 cents; or 50 cents per doz. Post paid. 5-3t*

AMERICAN CRICKET CLUB.—At a meeting of this club held on Monday, 9th inst., the following officers were elected for the season:—President, J. B. Bach; Vice President, F. Massey; Secretary, J. L. Mitchell; Treasurer, E. K. McIllvain; Board of Directors, Messrs. H. Parker, J. Creighton, and H. Chadwick. The following excellent fielders were also elected members of the club, viz.:—C. Smith, of the Atlantic; Chapman and Crane, of the Enterprise; Massey and Simonson, of the Exercise; and Sprague, of the Eckfords, besides others of the base ball clubs. The American Cricket Club was originally organised for the double purpose of forming a cricket association to be mainly composed of base ball players; and of practically demonstrating the fact, that the game of cricket might be made far more interesting, alike to the spectators of a contest, and to the players therein, by the adoption of rules, or a strict enforcement of those in existence, whereby the unnecessary delays that now characterize the game, as at present played in this country, might be avoided. Another object held in view was, an improvement in the fielding department of the game, by which means fielding might be made more of an attractive feature of cricket [illegible] than it now is, by the stringent enforcement of the same, whereby the objectionable custom, adopted by many prominent cricket clubs in this country, of deriving much of their strength in matches from that of other clubs, might be done away with, as the practice of the rule destroys all interest in contests between club and club as far as the same are to be considered as tests of their respective skill in a practical knowledge of the game. With these objects in view, the club was started, and its career hitherto, we are proud to say, has been one as creditable to the members of the club as such, as it has been to them as members of the base ball fraternity.

As the times are rather unfavorable for the furtherance of the objects held in view by the members of the American club, some of them have deemed it advisable for the interests of the club, and in order that the organization should not be allowed to fall to pieces for want of proper support, that, for this season at any rate, if not for a longer period, the rules of the club should be so amended, or their action so suspended, as to admit of certain privileges being granted to members thereof, which the existing rules prohibited; for this reason, therefore, your committee would respectfully suggest that the following resolutions be unanimously adopted as the rules by which the club will be guided during the season of 1862.

RESOLUTION.

Resolved, That the members of the American Cricket Club, deeming it expedient that such of their members as are desirous of joinining other clubs, for the purpose of obtaining a more thorough practical knowledge of the game, should not be debarred from doing so by reason of any prohibitory laws existing in their own club, hereby unanimously agree to suspend the action of such rules and regulations, contained either in the Constitution or by-laws of the club, as may prohibit members from joining any other Cricket Association, the action of the said rules to be suspended until the first regular meeting of the club in 1863.

Resolved, Also, that no person shall be considered ineligible for membership of the American Cricket Club by reason of the place of his nativity, provided that he be a naturalized citizen of the United States.

AMERICAN VS NEW YORK.—These clubs play a match on the New York club grounds on Wednesday, June 18th, play to be called at 11 A. M. precisely. The New York eleven will be composed of the following players: Higham, Sharp, Hudson, Ballfere, Lester, Hall, Upton, Tyler, Parkins, Plumer and Runkands. The American eleven will include Creighton, Brainard and Pearsall, of the Excelsior club; C. Smith, of the Atlantic; Chapman and Cram, of the Enterprise; Massey and Simonson, of the Exercise, and Mitchell and Waddell, of the Star; all first class base ball players.

EAST NEW YORK VS QUEENS COUNTY.—A grand match is in progress of arrangement between two elevens from these two localities, to be played on the St. George club grounds, which bids fair to be one of the events of the season. Last Saturday a preliminary practice game was had on the East New York grounds, and next Saturday two elevens, composed of English and American players, will have a trial at the same place, the object of these games being to select players for the two elevens for the grand match. The game on Saturday next will be open to all comers to play in it. Play is to be called at 12 o'clock.

SATELLITE VS EAST WILLIAMSBURGH.—These clubs played a match on June 11th, on the latter's grounds, the result of which was a victory for the East Williamsburghers' by a total score of 63 to 56. Hurring and Bennett led the score on the Satellite side, and Dumper and Pink for the victors.

MATCHES ON THE TAPIS.—Among the events of the season at present talked of, are a match between the Americans of Long Island and the St. George club, and a grand match between a selected eleven of the Long Island clubs and the strength of the New-York club. These would be deeply interesting games, and we hope to see them come off at an early date.

UTICA, N. Y., CRICKET CLUB.—The members of this club have selected grounds for their play this season, in the vicinity of Chaplin's, on the Whitestown road. The grounds are now being prepared. It is expected that a match between the Oswego and Amsterdam clubs will be played on them about the 24th inst.

A CANINE MILL for $300 a side, between two quadrupeds, of the bull dog species, took place in Philadelphia on the evening of Monday, 9th inst., at Pat Carroll's pit, which was crowded to the ceiling, and many roosted on the roof, getting a view through the scuttle. While the battle was in progress, a cry of police caused intense excitement, and instanter everybody was on the top of everybody, as though blind, drunk, or crazy, in their anxious efforts to find an exit somewhere. The outlets, however, were so scarce that but few escaped, and gradually order was restored on its being made known that the cry was a sell; after which the fight progressed. The dogs, Ranger, of New York, and Paddy, of Philadelphia, were restricted to 31 lbs. weight, but the former was not in the best condition. The affair finally ended in a draw, owing to some misunderstanding about scratching, and the referee, a Philadelphian, finally washed his hands of the affair without giving a decision. Money was bet very freely, but as it turned out, all to no purpose. The fight lasted about two hours and a quarter in all, and resulted fatally to Ranger, who died a short time after its conclusion.

THE RING.

WM. CLARKE'S SALOON—THE GEM—Corner of Houston and Crosby streets, New York. This establishment may truthfully be termed the Sportsman's Gallery of Art, as there is to be found the most extensive collection of the kind in the city, including pictures representing the most important sporting events, and the portraits of most of the eminent sportsmen in their several pursuits. Visit the Sporting Picture Gallery, to which some valuable additions have recently been made, by all means. 3-tf

QUOITING.—The Quoit Shades, 273 Spring Street, will open for the Quoiting world, on Saturday, May 17, 1862, under the command of the Old Fireman, Soldier, and Quoit Player,

CAPT. TIM WATERS.

The Ground has soft clay ends, and the Captain respectfully asks the patronage of his friends. [6-3m] T. WATERS.

WEEHAWKEN.—This suburb of New York, though located in New Jersey, is visited during the summer by many of our overheated citizens for the benefit of their health. Those who cross the water in that direction this summer, will not forget that the affable ED. WILSON has re-opened his cozy little retreat there, called "THE RUINS," just to the left of the road ascending the hill from the 42d street ferry, where a good view of the Hudson River may be had; a cooler in the shape of a sherry cobbler or mint julep, cigars of first-rate quality; and, if you like, you can take an hour's pleasant exercise at quoits, the material and place being always in fix. 9-tf

GALLANT FIGHT

BETWEEN

ANDREW LOVE, of St. Louis, and MIKE FAGAN, of Chicago.

Another, and More Detailed Account.

On Friday, June 5, we received a polite invitation to attend a pic-nic party, to take place on Sunday morning, in Illinois. Accordingly, in company with about a hundred and fifty St. Louisians, we set out about five o'clock, and having reached the ferry boat, was soon on board and steaming for the Sucker State, where we arrived safe and sound, about half-past five. We were then informed we should have to take shanks horses to reach the rendezvous. After walking about half a mile above Illinoistown and about a hundred and fifty rods from the railroad, we came upon a very secluded spot, well suited to our purpose. We then understood that an affair of honor was to take place, in which two well-known pugilists were to be the principals—the affair to be settled, as to who was the best man, by a fair stand-up fight, according to the recognized rules of the prize ring.

Preparations were immediately commenced to form a ring, by the spectators seating themselves in a circle, no ropes being on hand for the purpose. Everything being in readiness, at half-past six, Fagan was the first to throw his cap into the ring, and immediately entered himself, followed by his seconds, Bendigo and Billy Collins; Love soon followed suit, being accompanied by his seconds, Shanghae Connors, Patsey Kerrigan, and a Jack Tar from the Gun Boat Essex. Johnny O'Herring being selected as referee, a toss was had for positions, which was won by Fagan, who selected his corner with his back to what little sun we were indulged with, and on a slight elevation of ground. Everything being prepared "Time" was called by the referee, and the combatants appeared at the scratch for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. It was evident from the appearance of the men, that little, if any, time had been spent in preparation. Neither was in condition for a long struggle, and the difference in weight between them must have been considerable. There was very little extra flesh on Love's face, but the play of his shoulders and arms, while it exhibited a well-developed, lithe, and graceful action, showed also a superabundance of meat. Fagan's condition, if anything, was worse. He was much the larger man, and would, with nine out of ten men, disposed to risk anything on the issue, been selected, and odds given. As the men came together, there was a marked air of confidence and determination in Love's manner, that would have had a sad effect upon a novice. Both displayed good skill. Fagan, cool and cautious, Love, quick and evidently bent on aggressive policy. After some good manœuvring, Love got in his bunch of fives on Fagan's ribs, and received a slight tip on the knowledge box in return; a struggle ensued in which both went to grass—Love under. A "foul" was claimed by Love's seconds, but not allowed by the referee.

2. At the call of "time," both appeared, and after some good sparring and an exchange of shots, Love got a good one in on Fagan's sight-seer; first blood for Love. This round ended by a fall—Love under.

3. After a little cautious manœuvring, Fagan opened with his left, which was splendidly stopped by Love's right, who got in a good one on Fagan's masticator. A struggle and both down—Love again under. A "foul" was claimed by Fagan's seconds, on the charge of Love's choking him, but the claim was denied by the referee.

4. Some good sparring was exhibited by both combatants in this round, and after a fierce give-and-take from both parties, Love knocked Fagan clear off his pins. First knock-down for Love.

5. The men now seemed warmed up to their work, and both came quickly up to time and began fighting fast. In the struggle for the fall, Love went down.

6. Fagan's left peeper showed signs of going into mourning, and [illegible] a little cautious. After some sparring, Fagan [illegible] who, in return, knocked Fagan clear off his understandings.

7. Both up to the scratch. After a good deal of in-fighting, a struggle took place, and both went to grass—Love under.

8. Love was the first to come to time. When Fagan appeared he received another dose on his left eye. The fighting then became brisk, and ended by a fall—Love under.

9. Both up at the same moment. Fagan immediately commenced the fighting. Love received it heavily on the ribs and went down. "Foul" claimed by Fagan's friends, but refused.

10. Love the first to face the fighting, by giving it to Fagan on the face. Shouting from Love's friends to close Fagan's right eye. A struggle for the fall—Love under.

11. Fagan looked particularly flushed about the face, showing unmistakable signs of Love's handiwork. After a few exchanges, both fell—Love again under.

12. Both up to the call of time. Fagan turned his left on Love's smeller. Love countered. Fagan retreated to his corner, followed by Love, and after a little sparring, Fagan was again knocked off his pins.

13. Love first to obey the call, quickly followed by Fagan. Both went in with a determination to force the fighting. After an exchange of blows, a struggle was had for the fall, and both went down. Fagan on top.

14 to 16. Love, in these rounds, was the first to come to time, and was soon met by the gallant Fagan, when, after a few very severe exchanges, a struggle took place, and both went down. Love under each time.

17. Love's left peeper nearly closed, having caught a tap from Fagan in the fifteenth round. Fagan's face was in a bad condition, both eyes being put in mourning by Love's nimble bunch of fives. The fighting in this round was forced by both parties—give and take being the order, each taking it manfully—the round ending by a rally, when Love was thrown.

18 to 26. The fighting in these rounds was about the same, both parties, as soon as facing each other, exchanging their one, two, three, on the ribs, ending by a struggle for the fall, in which Love was invariably under.

27. Fagan rather slow to time, bent on mischief. Love was the first to lead off, but received a stinger from Fagan's left, which broke one of his ribs. A struggle, a fall, and Love under.

28. Love came up to time like a man, but it was apparent to all Fagan had the fight his own way. After some slight manœuvring, Love got in a telling one on Fagan's left listener, when a struggle took place and Love was thrown.

29. Love came up at the call of time, appearing very weak; Fagan forced the fight, getting well in on Love's frontis, and receiving a slight tap from Love in return. Love down.

30. This was the hardest round in the fight—each giving and taking in Spartan style, but ending by Fagan falling heavily on Love, with his knees on Love's stomach; claim of "foul" by Love's seconds, refused by referee. (Mr. Looney, in this round, took the place of Collins as Fagan's second.)

31. Love showed signs of severe punishment, but was up and game to the last. Fagan was the first to lead off; Love immediately followed, and each hitting away in right good earnest, when a struggle ensued, and both went to grass, Love under.

32 to 34. Love showed signs of having dislocated his right leg, but appeared determined to win the fight. After an exchange of blows, Love was thrown.

35. Love very weak; staggered to the centre, and after a little fighting, went to mother earth.

36. Love tried to come up to the call of time, but it was evident to all that the fighting was over, when a spectator, named W. F. Claxton, called to Connors to throw up the sponge; that gentleman obeyed the call, and the parties having fought 36 rounds, lasting fifty-one minutes, Fagan was declared the winner.

REMARKS.

Each did his best to ensure victory and success, both being game to the core; and the fight, throughout, was conducted in a most manly manner. But we are very sorry, before concluding this notice, to be compelled to record the death of as game a man as ever entered a prize ring; that man was Andrew Love. The gentleman died at his residence on Green street, between Sixth and Seventh streets, about 8 o'clock, on Sunday evening. He received every attention from his friends that affection could suggest or money purchase. Dr. Allen held an inquest on the body on Monday, when a verdict was rendered that the deceased came to his death from injuries received in a fight, at the hands of Michael Fagan.—*St. Louis Reveille, June 8.*

SPARRING AT THE NEW BOWERY THEATRE.—Those who were present at that theatre on the evening of Friday, 13th inst, on the occasion of Miss Adah Isaacs Menken's benefit, witnessed a capital set-to between Milage Cornell and Miss Menken, who gave the wind-up in "Tom and Jerry." The lady exhibited considerable skill with the gloves, and gave Cornell a lively time, getting his head in chancery once, and amusing the boys amazingly. Cornell, Jerry Conklin, and Ryan, also had bouts one with another.

PEDESTRIANISM IN COLORADO.—On Saturday, May 31st, a foot race was to have taken place over the Denver City Race Track, the contestants being Adams and Kendrick, for a gold belt valued at $100, and the championship of that Territory. At the same time and place, a "slow race," for mules, was to have come off. We are not yet informed of the result.

BALL PLAY.

PHILADELPHIA VS. NEW YORK, &c.

AN ANALYSIS OF THE PLAY IN THE PHILADELPHIA GAMES.

The recent series of games played by the Nine selected from three prominent clubs of Philadelphia, are by far the most interesting that the Philadelphians have ever played. On this account, and in order that the play of each club shall be fully shown, we have been at the pains to get up the following analysis of the play in every match:—

	Matches Played in.	Hands Lost.	Average and over.	Runs.	Average and over.	Highest Score in a Match.	Clear Scores.	Matches in which no Runs made.	Most Hands Lost.	Least Hands Lost.	Struck Out.	Home Runs.
ATHLETIC.												
Moore	4	8	2.0	9	2.1	6	0	2	3	1	0	0
Pratt	4	13	3.1	8	2.0	6	0	2	4	2	0	0
Paul	4	11	2.3	5	1.1	3	0	1	4	2	1	0
Wilkins	3	11	3.2	6	2.0	4	0	0	5	2	2	0
OLYMPIC.												
Anspach.	4	11	2.3	12	3.0	7	0	1	4	1	0	0
T. Bomeisler.	4	8	2.0	13	3.1	6	1	0	4	0	0	1
Johnson	3	13	4.1	3	1.0	3	0	2	5	4	0	0
ADRIATIC.												
Croasdale	4	9	2.1	13	3.1	7	0	0	3	2	1	1
Loughery	4	13	3.1	6	1.2	4	0	1	4	2	1	0
SUBSTITUTES.												
C. Bomeisler	1	4	4.0	2	2.0	2	0	0	4	4	1	0
Hayhurst	1	5	5.0	0	0.0	0	0	1	5	5	0	0

From the above it appears that the three Olympic players lost 32 hands out, made 28 runs, made one of the highest single scores of the matches played, the only clear score, a home run, had no player that struck out, and had two players that did not score runs in every match.

The Athletics had four players, lost 43 hands out, made 28 runs, had no clear scores, had three players who did not score runs in every match, had two who struck out three times, made no home runs, and had two of the best averages made.

The two players of the Adriatics had 22 outs, made 19 runs, made one of the highest single scores of the matches played, both made runs in every match played, save one, made a home run, struck out twice, and had one of the best averages made.

According to this analysis the average play of the Olympics was the best, that of the Adriatic second, and the Athletic third.

CATCHES MADE AND MISSED, AND PLAYERS PUT OUT ON BASES.

	Fly.		*Bound.*		*Bases.*	*Total.*
	MADE.	MISSED.	MADE.	MISSED		
Moore	1	0	3	1	23	27
Pratt	4	1	3	0	3	10
Paul	6	1	3	1	4	13
Wilkins	1	1	5	1	0	6
Anspach	5	2	3	1	6	14
T. Bomeisler	7(fouls)	3	11(fouls)	5	0	18
Johnson	0	1	0	2	0	0
Croasdale	0	0	4	1	0	4
Loughery	3	1	3	2	0	6
C. Bomeisler	0	0	0	0	0	0
Hayhurst	1	0	0	0	0	1
Totals	27	10	36	14	36	99

From the above it appears that the Athletics put out 56 players, the Olympics 32, and the Adriatics 10. Of the catches made, 6 were by the Athletics, 14 by the Olympics, and 4 by the Adriatics.

BASES MADE ON HITS, AND TIMES LEFT ON BASES.

	1st Base.	*2d Base.*	*3d Base.*	*Left on Bases.*
Moore	8	1	1	4
Pratt	6	1	1	2
Paul	5	2	2	3 h. r.
Wilkins	1	4	0	1
Anspach	8	1	0	1
T. Bomeisler	8	1	1	1 h. r.
Johnson	6	1	0	1
Croasdale	8	2	0	0 h. r.
Loughery	6	0	0	3
C. Bomeisler	2	0	0	0
Hayhurst	1	0	0	1
Totals	59	13	5	17

Of the above, the Athletics made their first base by their hits alone, exclusive of errors in fielding, 20 times; their second base 8 times; their third base 4 times; and were left on bases 10 times, Moore's score, in this respect, being the best.

The Olympics made their first base, as above, 22 times; their second base 3 times; their third base once, and were left on bases 3 times.

The Adriatics made their first base 14 times; did not make either their second or third bases except by errors in fielding, and were left on the bases 3 times.

The two substitutes made their first bases 3 times; Hayhurst once; and Hayhurst was left on a base once. All the bases made other than as above enumerated, were made either from wild throws, miscatches, or errors in not stopping balls properly.

From the above analysis, we should feel inclined to award the first position in the nine for good general play to T. Bomeisler, the second to Col. Moore; and the third to Croasdale.

STAR VS. CHARTER OAK.—The first match this season between these clubs, and the first game the Charter Oaks have played since 1860, took place on the Star grounds, South Brooklyn, on Wednesday, June 11th, resulting in a well earned victory for the Charter Oaks by a score of 17 to 12. Both parties were short handed, but nevertheless had good nines on the field, they being pretty equally matched. In the early period of the game, it was decidedly in favor of the Stars, they having scored nine to the Charter Oaks' four, at the close of the fourth innings; after this, however, the latter gained on them, and in the seventh innings, by a fine display of batting, run up a score of seven runs, which gave them a total of 11 to 10, a lead that the Stars were unable to regain, although they tried hard for it in their last three innings. Before the last innings was played, a heavy shower of rain temporarily interrupted the proceedings, but afterwards the 9th innings was played, the result being, as above stated, in favor of the Charter Oaks. In regard to the play shown in the match, we have to say that the display of batting and fielding on the part of the victors was about the best we have ever seen them make. With the great odds against them at the close of the fourth innings, they fought manfully up hill, and deserved the result of their plucky play. The Stars were, if anything, a little too confident of success, and did not wake up to the stern realities of the case until too late to recover their lost ground. An error of their play, too, was the keeping of Chilton in his position as pitcher when it was evident that he was not in condition to play, a sore finger rendering it painful for him to field the ball. Under these circumstances, with such a good pitcher as Skaats proved himself to be in the three innings he played in that position, a change would have been advantageous. Of those whose play merits special remark, we would name Messrs. Shields, Piper, Cline, Randolph, and Patchen, for excellent fielding in their several positions, Piper taking the lead in batting. And of the Stars, Mitchell, Waddell, C. Morris, Manly, and Mudge deserve commendation for equally good play. The others also played well, in one or more of the innings, on both sides. But the score will give all necessary particulars, and to that we refer:—

CHARTER OAK.	H.	L.	RUNS.	STAR.	H.	L.	RUNS.
Vanderhoof, 3d b	3		3	Waddell, 1 f	1		1
Oswald, c f	6		0	Mudge, r f	4		1
Piper, s s	0		4	Jerome, 1st b	3		2
Phillips, 1st b	1		3	Manly, 3d b	5		0
Shields, p	4		1	Thomas, s s	2		2
Cline, c	3		2	Skaats, c f	4		0
J. Patchen, l f	4		1	C. Morris, 2d b	2		2
Randolph, 2d b	3		1	B. Chilton, p	3		1
Johnson, r f	3		2	Mitchell, c	3		1
Total	17			Total			12

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Charter Oak	1	0	2	1	3	7	0	2	1—17	
Star	1	5	1	3	1	0	1	0	1—12	

Passed balls on which bases were run—Cline, 10; Mitchell, 7.
Home runs—Vanderhoef, 1.
Struck out—C. Morris, 2; Oswald, 1.
Put out at home base—Jerome by Cline.
Run out between bases—Chilton, by Piper and Shields.
Fly catches missed—Vanderhoef, 1; C. Morris, 1; Waddell, 1.
Bound catches missed—Chilton, 1; Skaats, 1; Thomas, 1.
Fly catches made—Shields, 1; J. Patchen, 1; Piper, 1; Cline, 1; Vanderhoef, 1; Phillips, 1—Total, 6. Thomas, 3; Waddell, 3; Mitchell, 1; Manly, 1; C. Morris, 1; Chilton, 1—Total, 10.
Put out on foul balls—Charter Oaks, 6 times; Stars, 4 times.
Time of game, 2 hours and 30 minutes.
Umpire—Mr. P. O'Brien, of the Atlantic Club.
Scorers—Messrs. Duval, and Wheelwright.

BROOKLYN VS PHILADELPHIA.—A meeting was held on Monday evening, June 16th, at the Star Club Rooms, Brooklyn, to make arrangements to play the return games with Philadelphia. As we go to press on Monday evening, we are unable to give the particulars, but as soon as the arrangements are completed, Col. Moore will be duly notified of the same.

ATLANTIC CLUB.—An interesting game will be played on the grounds of this club, on Thursday, June 19th, between the first and second nines, the latter nine now including the names of such players as Boerum, M. O'Brien, John Oliver, Hamilton, &c.

THE HOBOKEN CLUBS.—On Thursday last, the grounds at Hoboken were fully occupied by players of the Knickerbocker, Mutual, and Jefferson clubs, the two latter turning out well. Arrangements are in progress to play a match with a picked nine of Newark this month. We presume the Mutuals will go over to Brooklyn on Thursday next, to see what kind of a nine they are likely to have against them in their third game with the Atlantics.

BASE BALL IN BOSTON.—A "Boston Boy" writing under date of June 13, delivers himself as follows:—ED. CLIPPER—Dear Sir: The announcement in the CLIPPER some four or five weeks since of the intended visit of the "Excelsiors," caused much excitement among the ball players of this city and vicinity, and we have perused the CLIPPER from week to week for further particulars

of their visit, but found none. We should very much like to learn through your valuable paper, the time we may reasonably expect to see that famous club in this city. We have now in this city four clubs playing the New York game, namely, the Tri-Mountain, Bowdoin, Lowell, and Shawmut clubs, and it is thought the other clubs will soon adopt the New York game. In all the matches thus far played between the above clubs, the Bowdoin has been successful. Below I give you a list of its officers for the ensuing year: Edward Archibald, President; George 3. Sawyer, Vice President; Chas. C. Ward, Secretary; A. G. Foss, Treasurer; H. F, Gill, J. A. Lowell, W. H. Bryant, Directors.

FOOTBALL.—A match at football was played on the parade ground, Boston, Mass., on the afternoon of Friday, 6th inst., between seventeen lads of Mr. Dixwell's school, and an equal number of the Public Latin School. The novelty of the scene attracted a number of spectators, who enjoyed the sport amazingly. The match was stoutly contested, and resulted in a victory for the Latins by a majority of one game in five.

AQUATIC.

BOSTON BOATING.—Boating in Boston is waking up, and the Charles River oarsmen are out nightly in all sorts of craft, though little is known yet, as to what and who is to pull in the forthcoming regatta, questions that cannot be answered with certainty until the opening of the entry book, when it is to be hoped that a goodly array of names and crews will be entered thereon and among them Josh. Ward's. Tom. Doyle, the "irrepressible," persevering Doyle, is seen in his shell, taking his breathings. And a new man, a "lightning stroke," will make his *debut* at single sculls. A number of four-oared crews are in training, and are pulling a strong stroke already. The Union Boat Club will enter a four-oar sure; for whom look out. There is luck in odd numbers; twice they have met with an accident, may no accident occur to mar their efforts this time. M. S. Smith, a member of this club, now with the Massachusetts 13th, is at home on a short furlough. He was the winner of two races in 1860—at Charlestown on the 17th June, and the Boston, 4th of July regatta, beating Hancon and Doyle. This was his *debut* with single sculls, and he promised well for the future. It is not yet known whether Harvard will send a representative, Harvard having accepted Yale's challenge to pull on the 4th, to take place probably at Worcester. The boat clubs will extend a hospitable and friendly hand to their brethren from abroad. Charles River course is a fair one and the rules and regulations are adhered to strictly. Truly yours, AQUA.

Boston, June 11, 1862.

[Josh. Ward will surely be there, in company with two or three friends, so we are credibly informed.—ED. CLIP.]

ROYAL HALIFAX YACHT CLUB REGATTA.—This regatta for the challenge cups came off on Saturday, June 7. The wind was very light from the S. E.—in fact, too light to make the race exciting to yachtmen or spectators. A little after 12 o'clock the start was made from the revenue cutter Daring, moored off the Magazine Wharf. The following yachts started:—

Yachts.	*Entered by*	*Yachts.*	*Entered by*
Ada,	C. E. Brown,	Lurline,	J. B. Crow,
Falcon,	J. R. Wallace,	Mosquito,	Lt. Locock, R. E.
Foam,	J. B. Duffus,	Wave,	J. B. Crow,
Kate,	G. Drillio,	Aboukir,	Com. H. M. S. Aboukir.
Kamehameha,	Lt. Neame, 16th Regt.	Petrel,	W. Hare,

The course was from the umpires' vessel to a boat moored at the entrance to the Eastern Passage, which had to be sailed three times. The Wave took the lead at the start, and kept it during the race, making the whole course in 4h., 40m., 43s., winning by 30m. 35s. The Petrel won the 2d prize. Mr. Hare becomes the owner, having won it last year. The 1st prize will have to be run for another year. Mr. Brown's Ada came in third, followed by the Kate, Foam, and Mosquito.

A BRITISH YACHT AT HALIFAX.—The schooner yacht Ginerva, Capt. Wood, arrived at that port on the 4th inst. from Bermuda. The Ginerva is owned by J. Lamont, Esq., of the Royal Northern Yacht Club. She arrived in the West Indies from England some time ago, and is at present on her way to the Coast of Labrador. The Commodore and officers of the "Royal Halifax Yacht Club" went on board the Ginerva on the day of her arrival, and tendered to her owner and officers the hospitalities of the Halifax Club.

ATTENTION! FISHERMEN.—We have frequently heard some of our old fiishing friends lament that, this season, they must be deprived of their usual facilities for "running on the banks." These complaints having reached the ears of Capt. Dumont, of the steamer Croton, he set about procuring a discharge from "Uncle Samuel," in whose service he and his vessel had been for some time. The Captain now announces that the Croton will resume, on Wednesday, June 18th, her regular trips to the Fishing Banks, and continue them every day through the season, (Saturdays excepted,) leaving Christopher street, N. R., at 7.15 A. M., Spring street, N. R., at 7.30 A. M., Broome street, E. R., at 8.00 A. M., Peck Slip, E. R., at 8.30 A. M., and Pier 4, N. R., at 9 A.M. Fishing tackle, bait, refreshments, &c., can be had on board. A cotillion band will also be on hand for the accommodation of dancers. Fare for the excursion 50 cents.

NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.—The regatta committee of this club, consisting of Messrs. Charles H. Haswell, John T. Rollins and Fletcher Westray, have decided that the following named yachts are entitled to the prizes, viz.: "Favorita," first class schooner; "Restless," second-class schooner; "Bonita," third-class schooner. "Scud," first-class sloop; "Mallory," second-class sloop; "Glengarry," third-class sloop.

SPORTS IN MUSCATINE, IOWA.

A correspondent under date of June 9th, dilates as follows on sporting matters in that region:—

This place, for the last eight or nine months, has been so much engaged in raising soldiers for the war, and in sending them comforts after they have gone, that we have hardly had time for sports. The sporting season has, however, now opened beautifully here. Our yacht club was started this summer, and already has three as fine yachts as will be found north of New Orleans. They were all built here, by John M. Tillard, a young man who has devoted the greater part of his time to the study of boat building, and who is now reaping his reward in the shape of as trim-built, fast-sailing a yacht as any one would wish to see. I refer to the last one built by him, the Cikkok, an Indian name of considerable significance here. She is owned by a party of six young men, is twenty-five feet in length, five in breadth of beam, and four feet in her hold, and carries forty-five yards of canvas. The other boats are the Sunshine, thirty-seven feet in length, nine in breadth, and five and a half hold, and carries sixty yards of canvas; and the Hornet, twenty-two feet in length, four in breadth, and three in hold, with thirty yards of canvas. A race between the Cikkok and the latter is on the tapis, for twenty-five dollars, to come off on the "Fourth." An invitation will likely be extended to the Sunshine, when we shall have a regatta, something that has never, to my knowledge, happened yet on this river: I speak of the Upper Mississippi. In fact, I believe this is the only town that can boast a yacht club. Whilst on river topics, I might speak of the row-boat club, which is about being organized. It is composed of some of our best young men. They have already ordered one four-oared boat of Hugh Walters, an experienced boat-builder. It is to be built of white cedar, I do not know the dimensions. This will soon be followed by another, and he has also orders for a couple of sculls. We have also a party of young men engaged in a game which is somewhat new to this part of the country, but I believe an old game nevertheless, called wicket. They are a party of students from Mr. Daymude's Academy, who have formed a club for the purpose of exercise. They seem to enjoy it hugely. Muscatine also rates its race course, on which the Hawkeye and Muscatine base ball clubs play a match at least every month, when a friendly game is played, resulting in the defeat of each, almost alternately, neither side having as yet any claim to superiority, but both striving hard to gain the coveted point. They have meetings twice a week for practice. These meetings are beginning to excite quite an interest, and are always well attended. Besides these clubs there is some talk of forming a cricket club. There is also at this same race track oftentimes on Saturday afternoons, a friendly trot or two. There has not as yet, however, been any races, but I think if there is anything in the State "spiling" for a race, they can be matched here. First comes Young Bashaw, a Black Hawk Morgan, belonging to John A. Green, Esq., six years old, who took the second premium at the National Horse Show at Chicago, two years ago, for four year olds. He has made his mile in a private trot, as I understand, something under 40. Mr. Green has refused $2,000 for him. Next is Wasp, a little sorrel mare owned by the same gentleman, or rather raised by him; she has since been sold to Worsham & Bryant, and has won several premiums at State Fairs, and several races on the Twin City track at Davenport, Ia. After these comes a list of others not necessary to mention, but sufficiently fast for this country. Nor is the prize ring entirely ignored here. Yesterday, two English pugs by the name of Bill Wee and Bill Stone, having an altercation in a saloon, concluded to adjourn to the island and see which was to blame, but arriving at the freight house they could restrain their impatience no longer, and marking out a ring, appointing umpires, judges and time-keeper, at it they went, fighting in fine style for three rounds, Wee drawing the claret in the first and being grassed in the second. Before the conclusion of the affair, officer Sanford appeared on the ground, and requesting the men to follow him, started off, spoiling the fun. By the way, this Wee claims to have once been the champion of the feather-weights in England, but on my telling him that his name did not appear in the list published in the CLIPPER, he dodged by saying that it was some time ago. So you see, Mr. CLIPPER, that although far West, we have not forgotten the noble example of the East, in the way of sports. I suppose that the CLIPPER should have its due share of praise in promoting sports here, for I am informed that there is more of them taken here than there is of any New York weekly. A good sign, truly. Yours, &c., F. W. E.

GOOD CARPENTER'S WORK.—In a cricket match played at Southsea, Eng., on May 22, between the United All England Eleven and Twenty-two of East Hants, Carpenter gave the bowlers of the last-named party "hammer and nails," and "chiselled" the fielders quite some by scoring 122 in his second innings. He finally "dropped his tool," however, to Ede, who caught him off Sotherton. Carpenter had better take heed how he trusts his balls near that man after this.

CRICKET IN BOSTON.—A match between the Boston and Lowell clubs, is to be played at Boston on the 17th inst.

THE TURF.

BONNER'S FAST HORSES AND FAST TIME.—In reply to an invitation from Philadelphia, that he would send his fast team there to give a specimen of their ability to go, the proceeds of the "show" to be given for the benefit of the Volunteer Refreshment Saloons, Mr. Bonner, through Mr. S. Tousey, sent the annexed document:—

"NEW YORK, May 29, 1862:—FRIEND CALLENDER—The *Ledger*, you know, is an orthodox paper, and Mr. Bonner is an orthodox man. He is opposed to racing. His horses he keeps for his own recreation. He has often been solicited to exhibit them at Agricultural Fairs and Horse Shows, but has invariably declined to do so. Anything that even looks like a race he will not enter them in. As for exhibiting them in your city for the benefit of sick and wounded soldiers, he has instructed me to write to you, in response to your invitation, that he would have no objection to doing so, provided two-thirds of the clergy of your city consider the object a good one, and will sign an invitation for him to drive his horses on Point Breeze Park for the purpose specified. Mr. Bonner says he will not trot his horses, under any circumstances, against other horses in public, because that would be a race; but he can show the people of Philadelphia two miles to his road wagon faster than Flora Temple or any other horse, or any pair of horses, ever trotted two miles to any kind of wagon. Yours, &c., SINCLAIR TOUSEY.

To T. R. CALLENDER, Philadelphia.

Arrangements for the display were subsequently made, it would appear, as we see it stated that on Tuesday, 9th inst., Mr. Bonner, accompanied by three of his friends, in a travelling wagon, weighing altogether about 600 lbs., drove his pair of horses, Lantern and Flatbush, at the Point Breeze Park, near Philadelphia, making the half mile at the rate of 2 min. 14 sec. per mile—the fastest speed in trotting yet attained. Pretty good for an orthodox man, "opposed to racing," (what a joke) supposing the time to have been kept in an orthodox manner.

A DOUBLE TEAM TROT.—In the neighborhood of four hundred gentlemen visited the Fashion Course, L. I., on Wednesday, 11th inst., to witness a double team trot for $1000, at mile heats, between Mr. Colgate's black gelding Ice Pony and bay mare Lady Snow, driven by H. Woodruff, and Mr. Knapp's black gelding Mink and bay mare Kate, driven by Sam McLaughlin. The event created some little "buz" among amateurs, not a few of whom bet their V's with a desperation and the *nonchalance* of veteran professionals, the majority being caught napping through betting the odds on Knapp's team. An even send off was accomplished for the first heat, Knapp's pair going to the front, but were soon overtaken by Colgate's. On passing the half mile pole (in 1:24½) however, Knapp's again went to the front, and eventually won the heat in 2:49, The start for the second heat was ditto repeated, with the exception that the speed was increased, the heat being won by Colgate's team, doing the half in 1:20 and the mile in 2:42. Pretty good for roadsters. On starting for the third heat, several abortive attempts were made to get them off even. Presently, however, the word was given, and off they went at a dashing pace, neck and neck to the quarter, doing that distance in 41 seconds. Knapp's team broke soon after, when Colgate's animals took advantage of the situation by putting on steam, and at the half, which was made in 1:20, they had the heat well in hand, and finally passed the score some lengths ahead in 2:41, thus winning two heats out of three, and the race. We append the summary:—

WEDNESDAY, June 11.—Double team trotting match for $1,000, mile heats.

Mr. Colgate named	b g Ice Pony / b m Lady Snow	H. Woodruff driver	2	1	1
Mr. Knapp named	b m Kate / blk g Mink	S. McLaughlin driver	1	2	2

Time, 2:49; 2:42; 2-41.

HANDICAPPING.—This system for governing races, was introduced for the first time in trotting in this country, on the Fashion Course, L. I., on Thursday, 12th inst., when a purse of $500 was offered for the winner, and $100 for the second. For the prizes, five entries were made, Widow Machree, Gen. Butler, Panic, West Philadelphia and Gen. McClellan, but, as usual, when the time came, two of them, Panic and Widow Machree, were *non est inventus*, consequently but three started. The excuses made for the non-appearance of Panic and Widow Machree, were, that the former had been invested on too largely to warrant the risk, and that the latter was lame. The attendance on Thursday was more than usually numerous, the announcement that Commodore Vanderbilt, between whom and Mr. Bonner quite a rivalry exists in reference to the speed of their respective teams, would put in an appearance and put his nags "through a course of sprouts" for the edification and amusement of the assembly. In this, however, they were doomed to be disappointed, for the Commodore's "hosses" did not show; a "sell" which the public will not soon forget. But to the race in question. The handicapping had been previously arranged and the various horses were weighted as follows:—

Sam. McLaughlin named Widow Machree	270 lbs.
D. Tallman named Panic	270 lbs.
H. Woodruff named General McClellan	250 lbs.
G. G. Hopkins named General Butler	240 lbs.
J. J. Bevins named West Philadelphia	230 lbs.

As before stated, Panic and Widow Machree did not start, which created quite a panic among some of the speculators, particularly those who had backed the field against General McClellan. Their hopes of winning were based principally on Panic, and when he failed to start, notwithstanding his driver had been weighed, etc., they then saw how they had been imposed on, and imprecations loud and deep were uttered against the association which so palpably governs this track for its own gain, rather than to please, as is so plausibly set forth. The victims had, however, no remedy but to grin and bear it, because the judges who were members of the association failed to declare the bets off as they should have done, in conformity to their eleventh rule, which says "a bet on the field is off, unless all the horses advertised to run shall start, sweepstakes excepted, etc." Previous to the start, considerable pool betting was done at the following rates:—The first, of $100, brought the following prices: 1st, Gen. McClellan, $55; Panic, $50; West Philadelphia, $30, and Gen. Butler, $16. In the next, of $200, Gen. McClellan brought $135; Panic, $130; West Philadelphia, $48, and Butler, $21. The third, of $200, brought, Gen. McClellan, $135; Panic, $145; West Philadelphia, $53, and Butler, $42.

It was not until after the pool selling that Panic was declared drawn, making the swindle as palpable as the light of day. On the trio coming up for the start, three attempts were made 'ere they got off, Philadelphia leading, a position that he did not long retain, Gen. Butler going to the front, which he in turn was robbed of by Gen. McClellan, who finally won the heat in 2:36¼. The second heat was very similar, and resulted as before, in Gen. McClellan's favor, in 2:33¾. The third heat was more stoutly contested, Gen. Butler going off with the lead, McClellan second, and Philadelphia third. After passing the half mile pole, however, the two Generals got neck and neck, both being urged to their utmost speed, and rattled into the home stretch like locomotives, but Butler outfooted McClellan slightly, and finally passed the score a good length in advance. For the fourth heat, an even send off was accomplished so far as the two Generals were concerned, Philadelphia being somewhat in the back ground. Butler buckled too, and soon got down to his work, and lead round the first turn, but was soon overhauled by McClellan, after which an even thing appeared manifest, until getting on to the home stretch, where, although Butler was leading, he broke, and allowed his competitor with a military cognomen, to pass the score ahead, when Gen. McClellan was hailed the victor, both in the heat and race, of which we here present a summary:—

FASHION COURSE, June 12.—Purse, $500; second horse, $100; mile heats, 3 in 5, to wagon.

H. Woodruff named Gen. McClellan	1	1	2	1
J. Hopkins named Gen. Butler	2	3	1	2
J. Doty named West Philadelphia	3	2	3	3

TIME.

First heat	38½	1:20	2:36¼
Second heat	37½	1:15½	2:33¾
Third heat	38	1:19	2:33¾
Fourth heat	37	1:16	2:32½

UNION COURSE, L. I.—Mr. Cassady, it is reported, has secured this track for a race meeting which is to occupy five days, commencing on July 2d. We hope Mr. Cassady will not follow in the wake of his predecessors, but strive to do justice to the public, and give them honest sport, worth looking at, and thereby enhance the chances for his own success. "Honesty is the best policy," whether in sport or business.

INTERESTING RACE AT THE MOUND CITY TRACK.—A pacing match of unusual interest came off on Saturday afternoon, 7th inst., at the Mound City track. A large and much interested crowd of spectators flocked to the scene, and numbers of them in a sanguine and betting mood. The competitors were the bay gelding Stephen A. Douglas, named for the race by Henry Oliver, of Belleville, Illinois, and belonging to Wesley Harrison, of that place, and the sorrel gelding Dick Turpin, entered by A. D. Gates, stabler, on Third street, St. Louis. The animals appeared in fine condition, and well matched. Turpin's age is stated at eight years, and his rival's at about the same. The stakes were $250 a side, to be awarded to the winner of three mile heats in five.

The Bellville horse was driven by J. C. Kelly, and the St. Louis by Mr. Getz. Though the hour fixed for the start was half-past three, some delay made it about four o'clock before the word to start was given.

The first heat was won by Turpin in two minutes and forty-one seconds; second, by Douglas in two minutes thirty-eight seconds; the third, by Turpin, again, in two minutes thirty-seven seconds; and the fourth, once more, by Douglas in two minutes thirty-eight seconds. On the fifth heat, the pacers came in neck-and-neck, and the judges agreed in deciding it a dead heat. It was done by each racer in two minutes thirty-six and three-fourth seconds, which was the shortest time made. To determine the award a sixth heat was ordered, and resulted in Turpin bearing off the laurel wreath in two minutes forty-two seconds.

TROT ON THE FRANKLIN COURSE, NORTH CHELSEA, MASS.—A trot took place there on the 2d inst., for $250 a side, (play or pay,) between Wm. H. Mead's buckskin mare Magnolia, and Orrin Shaw's grey gelding, Union, from Bangor, Maine. The race was mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness, the horse driven by his owner, and the mare by Jim Turner. Besides the stakes, considerable money was put up on the time, and by the outsiders on the result of the race. The Bangor horse was a stranger to almost everybody, and as he seemed a little awkward in gait, and handled his legs rather stiffly till he got limbered up, the mare was the favorite up to the first heat. The owners had five bets of $25 each on Union's time in the first heat, the minimum being 2:40, and the highest time bet on 2:50. Union won them handsomely, as he did the race, in three straight heats. The Down-Easter made the two first heats without a skip or a jump, the mare breaking badly; he was only up once in the last heat, the mare speeding well between breaks, but not keeping down long enough at a time to have much show. Union changed hands after the first heat, Mr. Elisha Goodwin being the purchaser. Summary:—

FRANKLIN COURSE, NORTH CHELSEA, June 2d, 1862. Match for $500, mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

O. Shaw named g g Union	1	1	1
James Turner named buckskin m Magnolia	2	2	2

Time—2:39; 2:40; 2:37.

ANOTHER TROT ON FRANKLIN COURSE.—On Tuesday, June 3, another trot came off on the above named course, North Chelsea, Mass., between Ethan Allen and Pilot, which attracted the largest company of the season. The first two heats were somewhat unsatisfactory to those who wanted to see the horses let out and show their best speed, but the last two were received with greater favor, as it was not generally believed 2:31 would be made during the afternoon. Pilot won the first heat by the skin of his teeth, and Ethan had the rest of the race all his own way. He made three heats without even a skip, and it was worth all the expense to see him trot one heat, even if the time was up among the thirties. Summary:—

FRANKLIN COURSE, NORTH CHELSEA, June 3d, 1862. Trotting for Purse of $250, mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness.

Stephen White named b s Ethan Allen	2	1	1	1
D. Mace named blk g Pilot	1	2	2	2

Time—2:36¼; 2:33; 2:31; 2:30.

TROTTING AT NORTH CHELSEA, MASS.—The match for $200 a side between D. H. Blanchard's Fanny Bradbury and E. Goodwin's Union Bay, came off at the Franklin Trotting Park, on the afternoon of the 9th inst. It was a very exciting race, and a close one throughout. Fanny was the favorite till the second heat, the odds being about 30 to 40. The Bangor horse was rather stiff, but got his legs untangled by the middle of the first heat. Fanny led him all the way round, but in coming down the stretch, the horse came up pretty close. In the second heat, the mare kept the lead to the quarter, where she made a bad break, and the horse passed her, opening a wide gap. The mare tried to close on him, but couldn't succeed, although the other cast a shoe between the quarter and the half. He won this heat by a neck, and the others more easily. Woodruff drove the horse, and Steve White the mare, except in the last heat, when she was driven by Mr. Reed, of Bangor.

SUMMARY.

E Goodwin named g g Union Bay	2	1	1	1
D H Blanchard named b m Fanny Bradbury	1	2	2	2

Time—2:38½; 2:41½; 2:40; 2:39.

FRANKLIN COURSE, NORTH CHELSEA, June 10, 1862. Trotting for Purse No. 10, $50, mile heats, best 3 in 5, to wagons.

SUMMARY.

Wm Woodruff named ch m Maud	1	1	1
J McClue named s g Hector	2	2	2

Time—2:42; 2:40¼; 2:37¾.

FRIDAY, June 13, 1862. Trotting for purse of $100, mile heats, best 3 in 5, to wagons.

J Turner named s g Dan Mace	1	1	0	0	1
Wm Woodruff named w g White Chief	2	3	0	0	2
John McGlue named b m Lady Shaw	3	2	3	3	3

Time—2:40¼; 2:40; 2:40.

SAME DAY, pacing match for $200, mile heats, best 3 in 5.

A P Marion named s g General Beauregard	1	1
V H Covell named r g Abe Lincoln	2	dis.

Time—2:50; 3:01.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from page 79.

AMATEUR.

ADA CLIFFORD'S BENEFIT.—On Wednesday evening, 28th ult., we attended the performance given in compliment to the fair Ada Clifford by the members of the Nonpareil, J. R. Scott, and Murdoch dramatic clubs. The entertainment, we are pleased to say, was creditable to those having the management. Judging by the large attendance, we should suppose that, in a pecuniary point of view, it was indeed a benefit. The bill consisted of the "Dumb Belle," "Ugolino," an act from "Pizarro," concluding with the "Rough Diamond," interspersed with some excellent singing by Miss Nellie Clayton, Mose Soloman, W. M. Robinson, E. J. Proctor; besides a recitation from the "Gladiator" by T. Wallace Keene, not announced on the bill. The "Dumb Belle" was cast with A. G. Gordon, as Mr. Manvers; W. M. Robinson, as O'Smirk; A. Singleton, as Capt. Vivian; James, Mr. Proctor; Eliza, the Dumb Belle, by Miss Ada Clifford; and Mary, by Miss Clayton. The Eliza of Miss Clifford was an excellent performance; her vivacity and spirited playing promises future excellence. The Mr. Manvers of A. G. Gordon impressed us with the belief that he should have assumed a character more fitted to his abilities. As O'Smirk, Mr. Robinson did his best to please; he kept his auditors in a merry mood, but his dialect has plenty of room for improvement. The Capt. Vivian of Mr. Singleton was passable. "Ugolino" succeeded the "Dumb Belle." As Count Ugalino, Mr. Rolph attempts more than he is capable of performing; the delineations of the fiercer passions; the portrayal of the very emotions which the celebrated Booth displays, are as much alike in comparison as Commodore Nutt is to Edwin Forrest. We do not wish to discourage Mr. Rolph by these remarks, but, on the contrary, wish to point out to him the style of characters best suited to his abilities, "for we have seen him do good playing in former times," and think he can do so still, for there is not one connected with our amateur clubs that is as [illegible] or more perfect in their text than Mr. Rolph. Mr. Davenport assumed the part of the [illegible], and for a novice, did it very cleverly; however, we trust, when next again he treads the boards, he will gain a little more confidence. The Count Caliore of C. H. Ward was rendered in a masterly style—the gentleman shows much improvement. Count Orsinio, by Clay Clayton, was passable. Nellie Clayton's performance of Olympia was characterised by a refinement of taste seldom exhibited by an amateur. Ada Clifford, as the charming page, played the part in a manner worthy of the highest praise. "Pizarro" next followed—Miss Clayton, as Elvira; J. V. Webb, as Rolla, and J. Gaunt, as Pizzaro, performing their parts in a commendable manner. The "Rough Diamond" concluded the entertainment—J. Proctor, as Lord Pluto; W. Singleton, as Sir William Evergreen; Clay Clayton, as Captain Blenheim; Crawford, as Cousin Joe; Ada Clifford, as Margery; Miss Barret, as Lady Pluto, all doing their respective *roles* creditably.

BOOTHENIAN DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA.—This spirited club has waked up with some of "the Boothenian old fire," and performed "Everybody's Friend" on the 29th May, in acceptable style.

HARRY EAMES'S TESTIMONIAL.—This affair is to take place at Dramatic Hall, on Wednesday evening, June 25th. The entertainment will consist of the "Idiot Witness," "John Jones," "People's Lawyer," and "Boots of the Swan."

FOREIGN DRAMATIC AND SHOW NEWS.

Notwithstanding the "big show" at the International Exhibition, the London theatres are well patronized......George Jordan has made a good hit as the Chateau Renaud in "The Corsican Brothels," at the Princess's......Miss Catharine Lucette and Capt. Morton Price (Horton Rhys) lead a lively team at Sadler's Wells, and are therefore "doing vell at the Vells"......The Adelphi has given up "The Phantom" and embraced "The Octoroon," a much more intangible impossibility. Mrs. Bourcicault has been again "withdrawn," and Mrs. Billington appears for the other Mrs. B......The Surrey is temporarily closed......All the other houses may be classed as "jolly."

Mr. and Mrs. L. McGowan sailed from Plymouth, in the ship Yorkshire, for Melbourne, on the 27th May. Mr. McGowan is a native of Melbourne, and intended to visit this country after "doing" England, where he has been for the past three years. Last season he was stage-manager at the Theatre Royal, Exeter. Perhaps the McGowans may now come round by the Pacific side of us, some day.

That Staleybridge can produce other things than pugilistic "infants" may be seen in the fact that Mr. William Moore, of that town, has recently written a new five-act "sacred" drama, called "Naboth's Vineyard." The performance has been quite successful, and is attracting general attention in England. The plot is mainly derived from the 21st chapter of the 1st Book of Kings. Some new and beautiful music has been composed for it by Joseph Travis.

Since the "shilling days" have made their appearance at the International Exhibition, the toiling millions have begun to make their appearance. Queen Victoria has taken three thousand tickets "at that price," for general distribution, and the noble example thus set, will be proportionately followed by persons in suitable circumstances.

"Handsome American posters" are now much used in England by performers of almost every class. Not to be wondered at, especially if printed by printers who advertise their business in this paper.

The Birmingham *Daily Post*, of the 26th May, says:—"We understand that a petition in bankruptcy was, on Saturday last, filed against Mr. G. V. Brooke, the popular tragedian, who is now a prisoner in Warwick County jail, under a *ca. sa.* It is reported that he may be released on Wednesday next."

At the recent annual meeting of the parties connected with the Royal Dramatic College, held at the Adelphi, London, four additional pensioners were elected. These were Mrs. George Anne Shuter, aged 72; Mrs. Frances Anne Christian (Miss F. Waldron), aged 71; Mrs. Mary Anne Rivers, aged 65; and Mr. Henry Bedford, aged 63.

From Hobart Town, Australia, we find the death of Sir Wm. Don announced. When recently leaving Melbourne for a professional trip to Tasmania, Sir William was in poor health, and while temporarily staying at Hobart Town he was unable to take any active part in stage business, until finally his gallant spirit sank into the arms of Death on the morning of the 19th March. By this event a long line of noble descent expires with the title and himself, his only child being a daughter by the surviving Lady Don. A man of so much promise being thus cut off in his thirty-seventh year, seems to permit us a few remarks. We happen to know that he was partial to our Boston, in Massachusetts, and that he had a long-cherished intention of settling there, although while in that city he met with some company which was by no means an average sample of New England society, yet there were others again to whom his cosmopolitan spirit clung in friendship as with "hooks of steel." There was a fine heart under that "vite veskit" he sometimes displayed, and more wisdom than the outside world can always appreciate under that hat he wore so jauntily. And yet, he was just such a mercurial genius as would hardly be likely to pass "the half-way house" of life with suitable prudence. However, we must not "play the critic" upon him now. He has departed where Mercy reigns co-equal with Justice, and human judges find out their own imperfections.

SPORTS ABROAD.

From the Sporting Life, May 31.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

JEM MACE, THE UNKNOWN, AND TOM KING.—In the match for the Championship between Jem Mace and the Unknown, nothing further has transpired beyond the money having been covered, but the statement sent out by Tom King has produced a £5 note to cover his money left with the stakeholder, as well as a very indignant letter from the Champion in answer to what he considers some very irrevelant and uncalled-for remarks. The antagonism of the Unknown will of course cause some consultations amongst the backers of both Mace and King, as well as placing the admirers of them or any Unknown in a fix. Mace has forwarded us the following letter:—

"MR. EDITOR,—I hasten to express the surprise, disgust, and indignation that I felt on reading your paper of Saturday last, in reference to the challenge therein given me by Tom King. I little thought that King would stoop to such dishonest practices, so unfitting the conduct of one who aspires to the Championship, as to say that I knew the reasons of his not challenging me ere this, thus hinting that I bribed him for not doing so. I beg to throw the barefaced falsehood again to his teeth, and to publicly state that nothing whatever on my part, my backers, or friends, has been done to prevent his again fighting me. The following will prove what opinion I have of my own and King's merits:—Not being satisfied with the manner in which I defeated King (on account of my known indisposition), I wanted to fight again, and challenged him directly after we fought; again I challenged him in my own house the day after we fought; and again at the West-end, when—together there—some gentlemen wished to back him against me. He declined to fight me on each occasion, saying, as he acknowledged to you, and as stated in your paper, 'that he was beaten on his merits.' After an acknowledgment of that sort, I am surprised, indeed, that he should wander so far from the truth in his mode of challenging me. My backer well knows that I wished to fight King again, well knowing that I was in bad condition when we met; and as to his saying that I was cognisant of the reason of our not again meeting, the assertion itself throws a lasting stigma of shame and disgrace on a stalwart giant such as King not fighting so small a man as myself if he had the least idea of being able to defeat me. I felt a degree of respect towards King for what I considered the frankness and manliness he exhibited in saying that I was the better man; and on his assuring me that he never intended again to fight me, I allowed him to take two or three joint benefits with me, he sharing equally. I wonder whether the loss of the benefits has affected him? As he seems so eager to fight me, I am now equally eager to answer him. He knows well that I *must* give "the Unknown" the first chance; but I am so anxious, after his statement, to once more stand before him, that I will make Brettle a present for him to forego his right as to the Unknown being first in the field. Immediately on Brettle withdrawing, I will fight King for the belt and for £200 a side, and for as much more as he likes to put down. Sincerely hoping that I may shortly meet King in a prize ring, I remain, sir, yours very obediently,

"JAMES MACE, Champion of England.

CHARLEY LYNCH, THE AMERICAN, AGAIN IN THE FIELD.—A match has been made between Charley Lynch and Edwards, of Newcastle, for £25 a side. £2 10s a side has been deposited in the hands of Mr. Lewis, to fight at 8st 3lb, and scale the day before fighting. They meet on Thursday, June 5, to draw up articles and make a further deposit.

CHAMPIONSHIP TENNIS MATCH—FRANCE AND ENGLAND.—This match was commenced on Friday, May 16, and was for £100 and the place of Champion. M. Barre is the finest player France has had for years past, and Mr. Edmund Tompkins is the acknowledged best English player. The match excited great interest, and during its progress some extraordinary play was exhibited on both sides, frequently eliciting bursts of applause. Among those present were, Marquis of Clanricarde, Lord Lyttelton, Sir W. B. Smyth, Sir G. Colthurst, Sir H. Williamson, Hon. G. F. S. Elliott, Hon. C. A. Murray, &c. Fifteen sets was the game to be played—three sets a day. On the first day (16th of May) at twenty minutes to four, the third set not being completed, it was drawn, and another set commenced, and finished in favor of Barre. On the 20th Barre won the first set, Tompkins second, Barre third. At one time Tompkins had nearly 3 to 1 the best of the third set, he having three games to one, and 40 to 30, when Barre succeeded in serving him out, by giving three nicks in succession, thereby winning the game, and making it 2 to 3 instead of 4 to 1. On the 23d Tompkins won two sets to one, thereby heading Barre one set. On the 28th, while Tompkins stood at five games to three, a dispute arose, when the games coming five each, it was agreed to re-commence the set, which resulted in favor of Tompkins, thus making four sets all. After another set, in favor of Tompkins, the score stood 4 to 3 in his favor, while, at the beginning of the day's play, it was 5 to 4 against him. Throughout this day's play the most extraordinary skill and judgment were exhibited, drawing forth repeated expressions of admiration from the distinguished company. On account of the indisposition of M. Barre, the match is postponed until June 10.

THE GREAT CHESS TOURNAMENT IN ENGLAND.—On Saturday, May 24th, an important meeting of the Managing Committee was held at the St. George's Chess Club, London, Lord Cremorne being in the [illegible]. Several resolutions were passed with regard to the final programme. It was stated that the following gentlemen had sent in their names as competitors in the Grand Tournament, viz:—Anderssen, Paulsen, Kolisch, Horwitz, Steinitz, Falkbeer, De Riviere, Blackburne, Green, Robey, Hanna, Deacon, and Prince Ourosoff. The Mr. Blackburne here mentioned is the young gentleman who has recently been distinguishing himself by his blindfold play at Manchester, and this will be the first occasion on which he has had an opportunity of entering the arena with players of celebrity and eminence. The committee met again on Saturday, May 31, under the presidency of Lord Lyttelton, and made the final arrangements for issuing the programme, which was to appear in the course of the week. A meeting for considering the Code of Chess Laws was also held at the St. George's in the evening, when the business that remained on the last occasion was finally disposed of. Mr. Medley has been appointed to draw up the amended rules, in order that they may be submitted in due course to the Congress. The Congress commences on June 16th, but will be inaugurated previously on the 13th at the St. James's Hall by a General Meeting, on which occasion Lord Lyttelton, as the President, will take the chair. Lord Cremorne, the Vice-President; Mr. Montgredien, Chairman of the Managing Committee, and all the other officers will be in attendance. It is hoped that metropolitan and provincial amateurs will attend the meeting. The President will deliver an address, and after the reports have been read, the competitors will be paired off. The play will then begin on Monday, 16th, at the various metropolitan Chess circles. On Monday, 30th June, the public proceedings of the Congress will be continued at the St. James's Hall, which has been engaged for this purpose for a week.

DEERFOOT'S FOUR-MILE RACE.—This celebrated runner paid his second visit to Birmingham on Friday, May 30, and selected Aston-Cross as the arena for the display of his fleetness. The start was fixed for half-past seven, shortly after which Deerfoot, accompanied by Brighton, Mower, Roberts, and Andrews, appeared ready for the start. Although the race was stated to be for £30, £15, and £5 prizes for the first three in, it was evidently a performance to show off Deerfoot. No betting took place. With the exception of the first five rounds, in which Mower led, and about a quarter of a mile when Brighton was in front, towards the conclusion of the race, Deerfoot was first throughout, followed up closely by Brighton, with Mower behind, and ultimately winning by several yards. Another race was previously run by well-known pedestrians, under the auspices of Jim Myers, the manager, which was won by De Grass. The ground was very well attended. The first of the four miles was run in 10 secs. less than 5 mins., and the four miles were finished in 20 mins. 33 secs.

OBITUARY.—Mr. Wm. Law (a friend of Mr. Wm. Davidge, the actor, and of whom mention has often been made in our London correspondent's letters) died in London about two months ago, in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Smithfield, from paralytic stroke, attributed to the severe ordeal he, with other passengers, passed through on board a vessel in the terrible storm of Sept. 17, 1861. He had been married but two years. He was well known and respected in New-York, where he followed the occupation of a book-binder.

DEAD.—The wife of Jemmy Welsh, the pugilist, died in London on the 27th ult., after a severe illness of two years. She was 37 years of age, and her loss is deeply regretted by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance.

BILLIARDS IN COLORADO.—Denver is becoming a lively place, "for one so young." Two match games of billiards came off there on the 2d ult., at the Metropolitan, between a couple of amateurs of that city. The games were five hundred points each, full game, the first for $145 a side, and the other for $175 against $100. Each party won one game, leaving amateur No. 2 $45 behind. Both games were poorly played, the largest run being twenty-eight. The first game was won by fifty-three points, the latter by twenty-nine.

AN IRISH PISCATOR.—On April 23d, so says the Irish *Sporting Times*, Mr. Longfield, the famous piscator of County Cork, Ireland, performed the extraordinary feat of capturing a thirty-three pound salmon with a small trout rod.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1862.

MEN, MANNERS AND THINGS IN ENGLAND,
AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY EDWIN JAMES.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER TEN.

RICH AND PRACTICAL JOKE OF OWEN SWIFT.

I feel a pleasure in transcribing these four very interesting anecdotes of old pugilists, giving the late Baron Nicholson as my authority therefor. They have never appeared before in any paper either here or in the United States.

Many years ago, over a bottle of wine at a *cafe* in the Quadrant, Regent street, a fast young gentleman offered to run a certain distance within an almost incredible short space of time. Owen Swift laid a bet of twenty pounds that he would not accomplish the task. The bet being made, Swift inquired:

"When will you do it?"

"Now," was the reply.

It was a bitter cold and dark night in the month of January.

"Very well," said Swift; and it was at once proposed and agreed to, that the whole party, four in number, should proceed at once to Mother Lambourne's, at Acton Bottom. They arrived there and awakened the hostess. Swift's slender friend stripped to the skin, and tying a pocket-handkerchief round the waist of his trowsers, proceeded to do his match against time along the main road. Swift rode by his side for some distance in a cab to see that the match was fairly accomplished. Shortly, however, he left the cab, and had a run along with the performer. Swift, being terribly out of condition, soon got blown by the side of his greyhound-like companion, who distanced him some yards. Presently the glare of a policeman's lantern was suddenly turned on the figure of the contending pedestrian.

"Hallo!" said the policeman, "what game do you call this?"

"Stop him!" said Swift. "He has escaped from the Lunatic Asylum, and I have been running after him until I am quite exhausted."

The officer, coming fresh in the race, very soon overtook the alleged lunatic, and grasping him firmly round the waist and arms, arrested his progress.

"Had we not better get a post-chaise, and take him back to Hanwell?" said Swift.

"Oh, no!" said the constable, "I'm not going to bother myself about that; I shall lock him up in the nearest station-house."

Upon this declaration the victim became almost unmanageable. He foamed with rage, and from that fact incoherently heaped upon Swift a confused volley of abuse. Owen, with crafty ingenuity, whispered to the policeman that the fugitive maniac imagined Prince Albert to be his uncle, and bade the officer humor his delusion, by telling him to say that if he would be quiet he would take him to see his uncle Albert.

"Uncle be d——d!" said the infuriated young man. "I have no uncle Albert!" and then he vainly endeavored to explain to the policeman the trick practiced upon him. The policeman, however, was inexorable, and told him to hold his tongue, and to give what explanation he pleased to the inspector at the station, which he stated was not far, only just in the town of Acton. Thither they proceeded, the supposed madman taking the matter serenely, so far as the policeman was concerned, but inveighing against the conduct of Swift. Within a few paces of the Station, Swift, under pretence of being out of breath, lagged behind, and no sooner had he seen his friend and the officer enter its door than he turned round and took to his heels, and ran back as fast as he could to the "Cats."

When before the inspector, that official inquired the charge. The policeman said:

"An escaped lunatic, sir, from Hanwell Asylum. The keeper will be here in a minute or two. I met him just as you see him, sir, running like a deer away from the poor man, who was thoroughly out of breath, having pursued him all the way from Hanwell."

"Lock him up in No. 2, till the keeper comes," said the inspector.

"I'll be d——d if you are going to lock me up in No. 2 or No. 3!" said the prisoner. "I'm a respectable man." And then, forgetting he was half naked, he made a motion to feel in his waistcoat pocket for his card.

From his seriously vehement manner the inspector was inclined to listen to his statement, and, I need hardly say soon discovered the affair altogether to be a hoax. He dismissed the sufferer with this admonition:

"You have acted very improperly, sir; and although it is evident that you are not mad, really any person finding you running about without your shirt in a public road at this late hour, might reasonably suspect that you had lost your senses. All I can advise you to do is to run back to the tavern where you state you left your wearing apparel, then make haste home, and let this be a lesson to you not again to attempt a foot race at two o'clock in the morning."

The young gentleman acted as advised; but when he arrived at Mrs. Lanbourne's he was informed that Swift and his companions had gone to London, taking his clothes with them. The alternative was an awkward one; he had to borrow a great coat of Lanbourne, and tie a pocket handkerchief round his head: in that condition he eventually arrived at the Horse Shoe, in Tichbourne street. He rang violently at the bell, in answer to which the mischievous Mr. Swift appeared at his bedroom window.

"Give me my clothes, you infernal rascal!" said the incensed dupe.

Owen, with considerable *sang-froid*, replied, "Certainly, on one condition."

"What's that, you blackguard?" was the immediate response.

"That you don't make a noise," said Swift; and with that he threw out of the second floor his friend's shirt; his waistcoat, coat, neck-tie, etc., followed in due course.

I walked into Swift's parlor next evening, and there found the amiable victim of all this practical drollery sitting side by side with Owen over a bottle of champagne.

As a husband, a father, and a friend, there are few that equal Owen Swift, the British boxer. Ower is now, and has been over twenty years, the much respected landlord of the Horse Shoe, Tichbourne street, and enjoys a character for integrity that none can gainsay. As a friend of our gallant champion, John C. Heenan, he is a host himself, and should the Boy get on a second International, Swift can guarantee him an equal number of the right sort to see him fairly through. "He can't do nothin' else."

THE RASCALITY, ABILITY AND FACETIÆ OF TOM REDIE.

Tom Redie was scientific in the noble art of self-defence, his pluck, however, was always dubious. He could not fight when under difficulties; but when he took the lead, woe betide his antagonist. He fought Harry Jones, the Sailor Boy, and made a cross of it. Within three weeks after, they met at the Shades, in Leicester square, at that time kept by Jerry Hawthorne. Mutual chaff led to another encounter, and in less than a quarter of an hour Tom came off the victor with scarcely a scratch, thus proclaiming his ability and rascality.

He was renowned for witty sayings. When young Dutch Sam got married he took the Black Lion, in Vinegar Yard, off Drury Lane. Redie, who frequented the house, was in the habit of bringing a steak or chop with him to be dressed for his luncheon or dinner. This occasioned trouble to the servants in the middle of the day, which the young Dutchman didn't like; and one day, when Tom entered, Sam was standing at the bar. Tom handed his steak in, with the request that it might be got ready with a potato immediately. Sam gruffly said to him: "I tell you what it is, Tom, I don't want all this trouble every day, and I shan't stand it."

"Stand what?" said Tom.

"Why," responded Sam, you coming here every day with your steak in your hand."

"My steak in my hand!" replied Tom sharply. "Why, you Dutch beggar, where the blazes would you have me carry it—under my arm like an umbrella, or in front of my hat, like an electioneer?"

Redie's last contest was with Mike Driscoll, the Bill Poster. The gallant Tom and the illustrious Mike made an excellent fight; perhaps the best on record for two old 'uns. Redie was the victor. The affair possessed this novelty not identified with any other fistic encounter: Redie was plied with sherry every round, and he consumed *six bottles* during the conflict. Sherry was his favorite drink; he seldom touched spirits. He died April 22, 1850.

EXCITING TURN-UP BETWEEN YOUNG DUTCH SAM AND AN OUTSIDER—SAM GETS WHAT HE NEVER GOT IN ALL HIS PRIZE FIGHTS—A PAIR OF BLACK EYES.

In 1840 the agitation commenced in reference to the establishment of a benevolent institution for decayed pugilists; a meeting was called to this effect at Tom Spring's, the Castle, Holborn. I attended, having received a letter from Mr. Vincent Dowling stating his inability to be present, and requesting me to go, and either preside for him in his absence or adjourn the meeting. I modestly pursued the latter course, and the affair would not be worth narrating but for an occurrence which, after the meeting, took place in Spring's parlor. Spring, as is well known, was a man of peace, and no provocation, however annoying, would have led him into a mill or a melee. That evening, going along Holborn to attend the meeting in company with a friend, we met Young Dutch Sam.

"Are you going to the Castle, Sam?" said I. The Dutchman responded that "he should go, but that he had been about all day and had spent all his money." I made him easy upon that point by telling him I had enough for both of us. Sam joined us, informing me confidentially that he had been with that "party" for the last two hours, the individual alluded to as "that party" being Miss Whelpdale, afterwards Mrs. Samuel Evans. I knew all the Dutchman's arrangements in that interesting quarter from the fact that I wrote his love letters. After the business of the night was over, the company from the meeting joined those in the bar parlor, and amongst them was Enoch Price, a railway contractor, from Warwickshire. He was as powerful a made man as I ever saw, and as determined a one. When he first sat down Sam was seated by my side. Ned Neale came in, and was looking for a seat. Owen Swift called out to him, "Set down by Sam; you've been close together before." Ned took the hint, and placed himself by the side of his old opponent. Shortly after this Ned got up to light his cigar. Price, who had evidently taken quite sufficient to make him ripe for an affray about anything and with anybody, advanced, and made some coarse remarks to Ned Neale, upon which some of the company became irate; but Ned treated the matter with indifference, and resumed his seat. Price continued his chaff to one and the other, and at last levelled his shafts against the irritable Dutchman, eventually aggravating an encounter. I said to my friend, "Now, my boy, you'll see an example made of this noisy countryman." Alas for the instability of all human anticipations! Sam was like a child in the hands of a giant. Price seemed to get his antagonist at his own price, and when they closed for the wrestle, and I saw Price get the Dutchman's back across the table, I trembled for the fate and fame of the all-accomplished and unconquered Dutch Sam. "This won't do," said Owen Swift, rushing to the rescue. What he did I won't relate here, but refer to Price himself, who still lives in Wolverhampton. Had it not been for Swift's interference, Sam might have been killed. On being liberated from the Herculean grasp of his mighty adversary, Sam left the room for a while; but he had the sympathy of the whole company with him. No one seemed to approve the behavior of Price; in fact, as a public disturber of a peaceful meeting he was universally condemned. I went out and spoke to Sam. "If you renew the contest," said I, "don't let this big fellow steal a march on you; give him one right between the eyes to start with; pull yourself together, and let us see what is to be done." Sam had relieved his stomach, and, as I thought, was likely to punish the aggressor in a summary way. On returning to the room, however, instead of retaliating on Price, he (Sam) in the most cowardly and indefensible manner, violently assaulted a civil little fellow who came in with Price, but who had done all he could to keep him quiet and prevent the conflict that had taken place. In an instant public feeling was turned; all the sympathy which had been exhibited towards Sam changed, and in a stream rushed forth for the victim of his ferocious and unjustifiable attack. Sam had always boasted that he never got a black eye in the prize ring, and with truth, but he certainly got one, if not two, on the night of his room contest with Enoch Price. Tom Spring speedily got rid of the combatants, and order was restored. Poor Tom has been dead twelve years.

Thus you will perceive, that had it not been for Old Nicholson thing coaxing Dutch Sam into Spring's that night, this or a similar might never have occurred, and the late self-styled Lord Chief Baron could well lay this flattering unction to his soul when he made the facts public.

"GLORIOUS JEM WARD" AND THE WOMAN-BEATER, JOE STRONG—"LET IT BE RECORDED!"

When the incomparable painter-pugilist, Jem Ward, was about eighteen, the Baron first made his acquaintance, and was witness to the following scene, which I will partly give in Nicholson's own words:—

Young, handsome, generous, scientific, and brave, James Ward was appropriately styled "the Phenomenon." It is but justice to say of Jem, that he was always the champion of the weak against the oppression of the strong; and many are the thrashings I have seen him administer to brutes who have assaulted women in the public streets. In the neighborhood of Shadwell (near the docks and similar to Water street, New York) lived Mary Billington, associating with Joe Strong, a monster in human form, yet good-looking—at least, as well-favored as high cheek bones and a handsome bull-dog sort of head would allow him to be. Poor Mary Billington had been a beautiful girl before her features became disfigured by the ill treatment of Joe Strong. She was rarely without a black eye veiling her exquisite blue one, which was too often bruised and bloodshot by the inhuman wretch, to whom she remained devoted, despite his unparalelled brutality. A young man who had loved her in her virtue, sought her in an illness of more than a month's duration, arising from one of Joe's periodical attacks upon her life. The young man was one day surprised (while sitting by the side of poor Mary's bed engaged in serious conversation with her) by the entrance of Joe Strong. The savage nature of the villain wanted but little suspicion to excite him into demoniac ferocity, and taking up the poker, he laid the unfortunate visitor bleeding on the floor; he then seized the unhappy, helpless girl by her hair, and dragged her into the street. Jem Ward was in a shop near by. The shrieks of the poor woman rent the air.

"What the deuce is that?" said Jem, rushing out of the store.

The question was in another instant answered by the appearance of Joe Strong, brandishing the poker in his right hand, and with his left trailing the half-naked, invalid girl in his wake. I have never in all his great contests been half so proud of Jem Ward as on that terrible and momentous occasion.

"Leave go that woman!" said Jem Ward

Joe Strong replied by aiming a blow at Jem with the poker. With his usual activity, Jem stepped aside, avoided the poker, and met the brute with one of those scientific, left-handed hits (which afterwards settled many a more important conflict) right in the middle of the face, smashing his ignominious nose, prostrating him on the broad of his back, and with magical velocity, forcing the poker from his grasp into the middle of the road. Mister Strong was "knocked out of time" by the first hit, and lay for some time deaf to everything around, and soon afterwards the well-punished and inhuman scoundrel was placed upon the bed from which he had so recently and ruthlessly dragged the ill-fated Mary Billington. Bully for Jem Ward!

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. A. DECON, Brooklyn, N. Y.—There are so many impossible moves recorded in those games "played in camp," that we fear the majority of them will prove useless to us (in the present state.) What's "loose," friend De C.?

J. H. BURNHAM, Lansingburgh, N. Y.—Look out for the Game between Mr. W. and yourself next week.

W. S. KNIGHT, New York.—Inserted this week.

J. D. ELLWARNER, Lansingburgh, N.·Y.—Bohn's Hand-book of Games, containing Walker's Sturges, will cost you $1,25.

A. H. MERCER, Wellsville, N. Y.—Thanks. We have received the Positions. How about those Games?

P. M. HARWICH, Harwich, C. W.—Why do you not forward your move? Perhaps you have done so, and it has failed to reach us. Please communicate the "facts."

E. W. PERRIN, Toledo, O.—Express will be most happy to play "over the board" with you; but not otherwise.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 10—VOL. X.

BY J. A. DE CON.

Black.		White.	
1..18	23	27	18
2..12	16	19	3
3..10	28	3	10
4.. 6	31, and wins, (in good style too!—ED. D. D.)		

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 76th POSITION.

White.		Black.	
1..28	24	19	28
2..10	19	20	24
3··19	15, and wins.		

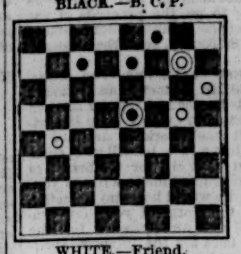
GAME No. 10—VOL. X.

Recently contested between Messrs. De Con and Harris.

Black, J. A. De Con.		White, Mr. Harris.	
1..11 to 15		24 to 20	
2.. 8	11	23	18
3.. 4	8	27	23
4..12	16	32	27
5.. 9	13	27	24
6.. 8	12	21	17
7.. 6	9	25	21
8.. 1	6	30	25

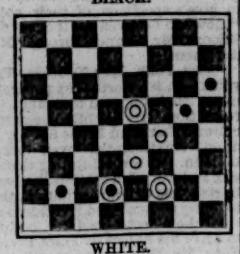
Black, J. A. De Con.		White, Mr. Harris.	
9.. 9 to 14		18 to 9	
10.. 5	14	24	19
11..15	24	28	19
12..11	15	20	11
13.. 7	16	22	18
14..15	22	25	9
15..13	22	26	17
16.. 6	22, and wins.		

POSITION No. 11—Vol. X.
END-GAME.—BY B. C. PAGE, JR.
BLACK.—B. C. P.



WHITE.—Friend.
Black to move and win.

THE 77th POSITION OF STURGES.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to move and win.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN MARY E. M. AND W. S. K.

Black—Mary.		White—W. S. K.	
21..17	21	4	8
22.. 2	7	26	23

BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND P. M. HARWICH.

Black—G. M. B.		White—P. M. H.	
5..16	23	27	18
6.. 7	16		

THE GAME OF CHESS.

BOOK VS PRACTICE.—Nothing can exceed the heartiness with which an old time player, one who acquired the measure of skill he professes, solely by dint of hard knocks and a good memory, decries—it may be, despises—book study and strength derived from books—except the heartiness of delight with which one versed in Caissain lore, now so attainable to all, administers the severe reproof, the knock-down argument, of a speedy and overwhelming defeat to just such a customer; and that, too, palpably through the medium of some out of the way piece of "bookish theorie," which never could have occurred to a mere practitioner. *Apropos* to what we said from a correspondent two weeks since, about "learning" the openings, we have a free-and-easy compound of game and gossip from our correspondent E. W. B., which we here present as an illustration of the subject. "On one occasion," says our correspondent, "I played with a gentleman *nine games in some three and a half hours*, [whew! our head aches,] he winning four, I five—and four or five games, which he played to demonstrate that he could have won, where he had lost; though, after trying all sorts of moves, he failed in every instance. He is one of the *irritable* ones—not to his antagonist, for to him he is invariably polite—but at himself, and I often hear him compliment himself in a low whisper, or mutter, something in this style:—'Stupid ass!'—'Absurd!'—'Blockhead!' &c. Premising when we began that he 'knew nothing of the books,' but had acquired all he knew by years of practice, I determined to try a little 'book,' for his special edification. He, having the move, commenced:—

1..P to K 4th	1..P to K 4th
2..K B to Q B 4th	

and to this I replied

	2..P to K B 4th

This was a poser, but after reflection, he plays:—

3..K B takes Kt	3..K R takes B

and, after another bit of reflection, he proceeds with

4..K P takes P	4..P to Q 4th

'Another Pawn!' he ejaculated; and with a not very well disguised sardonic smile plays

5..Q to K R 5th(ch)	5..P to K Kt 3d
6..B 2d P takes P	6..K R takes P

'Oh! you take with the Rook!' he gazes wistfully at K P, but concluding there was a lurking probability that Rook would interpose, if Queen took it (ch), he played

7..P to Q 3d	7..Q to K B 3d
8..K Kt to K 2d	

losing a piece, but I answered

	8..K B to Q B 4th
9..Castles.	

'I don't want to be bothered by that check.'

	9..Q B to K Kt 5th

'What a blunder!—lose a clear Kt—well! I must get what Pawn I can for him, so

10..Q takes K R P	10..Q B takes Kt
11..Q takes Q B P	11..K R takes Kt P(ch)

'Can that be sound!' he exclaims, and raises his hand to take the Rook—but the mate is too obvious; and slowly, sadly,

12..K to his R sq	12..Q B to K B 6th

Another long look, and frantically comes,

13..Q to her B 8th(ch)	13..K to his B 2d

and again frantically,

14..Q to her B 7th (ch)	14..K B to K 2d,

the Defence winning, of course. Speaking of the 'opening' he remarked, 'I never saw that before—it's quite new.' 'O, no, that comes to us from Greco, and has since been well analyzed and is now considered too hazardous for the second player—still I wish it were oftener played to give variety to the game.'

ENIGMA No. 333.

FIRST PRIZE PROBLEM.—BY FRANCIS HEALEY, ESQ.
"The Climax."

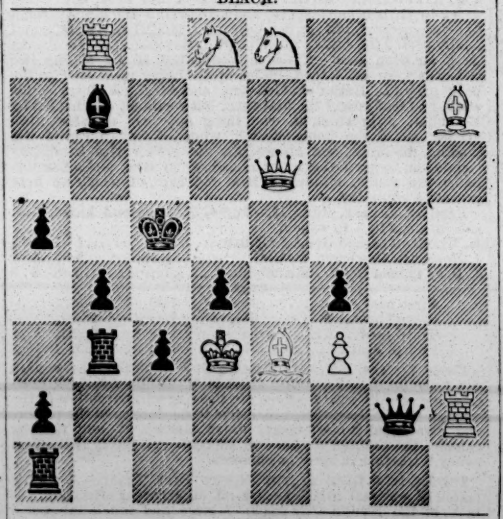
at K Kt sq, her 2, K B 7, K 3, Q B 3, K Kt 4, K R 3d.

at K B 4, K R sq, K B sq, K 5, Q Kt 5, Q Kt sq, Q B 3, K B 6, and Black Pawns at K Kt 4, and K R 3d.

White to play and give mate in five moves.

PROBLEM No. 333.

Respectfully inscribed to E. W. BRYANT, Esq.
BY P. RICHARDSON.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and compel Black to give mate in thirteen moves.

GAME No. 333.

Recently contested between our contributor P. Richardson and one of the strongest amateurs of New York.

PETROFF'S DEFENCE.

Attack, Richardson.	Defence, Mr. M——.	Attack, Richardson.	Defence, Mr. M——.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	25..Q R to Q sq	Q to her Kt 7
2..K Kt-B 3	K Kt-B 3	26..B P × P	B P × P
3..K Kt × P	P-Q 3	27..K R-his 5	B-Q Kt 3
4..K Kt-B 3	K Kt × P	28..B-K B 5	Q R-K sq
5..P-Q 4	K B-K 2	29..Q × B P	K B-K 6
6..K B-Q 3	P-Q 4	30..K R-Kt 5 +	K-his R sq
7..Castles	Castles	31..Q R-Q 8 *(b)*	K R-K 2
8..Q Kt-B 3	Q B-Kt 5*(a)*	32..K B-K 6	Q R × R
9..Q Kt × Kt	Q P × Kt	33..Q × K B	Q-K B 3
10..K B × P	P-Q B 3	34..K R-K 5	Q R-K sq
11..P-Q B 3	P-K B 4	35..P-K Kt 5	Q-K Kt 3
12..K B-Q 3	Q her 4	36..Q-her 4	Q-K Kt 2
13..P-Q Kt 3	Q-her 3	37..Q-her 6	P-K R 3
14..P-K Kt 3	P-Q Kt 4	38..P-K B 4	Q-K Kt 3
15..Q B-B 4	Q-her 4	39..Q-her 4	R-K Kt 2
16..K-his Kt 2	P-K Kt 4	40..B-K B 5	Q-K B 2
17..Q B × Kt	Q R × B	41..P-K Kt 6	Q R-K Kt sq
18..P-K R 3	Q B × P +	42..K-his B 3	Q-her Kt 2 +
19..K × Q B	P-Kt 5 +	43..K B-K 4	Q-her B 2
20..K-Kt 2	P-K B 5	44..R-K R 5 *(c)*	Q R-Q sq
21..K R-home	K R-B 2	45..R × R P +	K-Kt sq
22..P-Q B 4	Kt P × Kt +	46..K B-Q 5 +	Q R × B
23..Q × B 2d P	Q × Q P	47..Q × Q R +, and the Attack wins.	
24..P-K Kt 4	B-Q B 4		

(a) Hoping to cramp his opponent's game materially by this move, he purposely gives up his Q P.

(b) He did not, at the moment, observe that he might have taken the Bishop with Queen.

(c) This wins the game by force.—E. W. B.

Partie recently rattled through at the "Morphy" between C. H. Stanley, Esq., and our contributor E. McCutcheon.

EVANS GAMBIT.

Stanley.	McCutcheon.	Stanley.	McCutcheon.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	15..P to K 5	Kt × K P
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	16..P-K B 4	Kt-K Kt 5
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	17..Q × Q 2d P	Q-K B 3
4..P-Q Kt 4	B × Kt P	18..P-K R 3	B-K B 4
5..P-Q B 3	K B-B 4	19..Q-her Kt 5	P-K R 4
6..P-Q 4	K P × P	20..Q × Kt P	Q R-K sq
7..Castles	P-Q 6 *(d)*	21..Q × Q B P	Q-K R 5
8..K Kt-his 5	K Kt-B 3	22..Q × Q P +	K-Kt sq
9..Kt × B P	K Kt × Kt	23..Q-her 5 +	Q B-K 6
10..K B × Kt +	K × K B	24..Q-K Kt 5	Q-K Kt 6
11..Q-K R 5 +	K-Kt sq	25..R P × Kt	R P × P
12..Q-her 5 +	K-his B sq	26..P-K B 5	Q B-Q 4
13..Q × K B +	P-Q 3 *(e)*	27..Q-her 2, and the Defence mates in *two* moves.	
14..Q-K 3	P-K R 3		

(d) This move has more points than at first sight is apparent. The Attack now commences a "Schottische" which, we fancy, did not terminate quite according to his expectations.

(e) From this point to the end, the game is steadily and excellently contested by the Defence. We fancy the veteran underrated either his skill or his self-possession.

DRAMATIC AND OTHER SKETCHES.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER TEN.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

ADELINA PATTI.

MISS ADELINA PATTI was born at Madrid, Spain, April 9th, 1843. Her mother, Madame Barilli Patti, was the prima donna of the grand theatre at Madrid, and on the evening preceding the birth of Adelina, the youngest of a large family, Madame had sung "Norma," in which *role* she had a high reputation. Curiously enough, after the birth of Adelina, Madame Patti almost lost her voice, and has always believed that it was given to the child.

Madame Patti left Madrid as soon as possible after Adelina's birth, and returned to Milan, the permanent residence of her family; here the impressario Strakosch made the acquaintance of the new prima donna, then only four months old. The Patti family emigrated to this country in 1844, when Patti joined Sanquirico, the buffo, in the management of the Italian Opera, Chambers street. There were four daughters of Madame Patti, all artists; the eldest, Clotilda Barilli, married the son of Colonel Thorne: Amalia, the next, is the wife of Mr. Strakosch.

Adelina was what is called a precocious child. She could sing almost before she could speak. She caught up at the age of four, all the gems of the operas, and sung them correctly. Her first public appearance was made at the age of nine years, when Mr. Strakosch, Ole Bull, and the infantile prima donna made a tour in the provinces, where Adelina sang all the great pieces made familiar by Jenny Lind, Sontag, Bozio, and others. The little lady created the greatest enthusiasm, and her share of the profits amounted to twenty thousand dollars, which her father invested in a country seat, the summer residence of the family.

On the 3d of March, 1854, she made her *debut* at Paul Jullien's farewell concert given at the City Assembly Rooms, New York. Her success was a triumph of no common character.

After the concert tour with Strakosch, Miss Patti went to the West Indies with Gottschalk, the pianist. In Havana, she sang in costume, the duet in the "Barber of Seville," with her brother, Barilli. The enthusiastic Havanese made such a row in recalling her that she ran away frightened, and could not be persuaded to go upon the stage again. Throughout the Indies she divided the honors with Gottschalk, and at Porto Rico had an offer of marriage (she was then fourteen) from the richest proprietor in the place.

On the 24th of November, 1859, re-appeared in New York as Lucia, at the Academy of Music. She was brought out at the Academy to save the season and the managers from ruin—she succeeded. Miss Patti sang the mad scene from Lucia in such a superb way as to stir up the audience, which is usually chary of applause, to the heartiest demonstrations of delight. The prima donna was twice called before the curtain, and the stage was literally covered with the flowers which were thrown before her. Her voice is of a rare and beautiful quality; clear, sympathetic, melodious and flexible in a remarkable degree. Her intonation is as true as steel, and her pronunciation clear and unusually distinct. We know not in which to admire her the most, the brilliant Italian aria, the simple English song, or the arch and characteristic Spanish ballad. Of one and all we can only speak in terms of warm and hearty praise. At present in Europe.

D. M'KENZIE.

A NATIVE of Scotland. Made his *debut* on the American stage at the John Street Theatre, New York, as Flint, in the "Adopted Child." Made his first appearance in Philadelphia in October, 1811, at the Walnut Street Theatre.

This gentleman was the cause of a riot at the Chestnut Street Theatre, during which the life of an old and esteemed friend, Wm. B. Wood (then co-manager with Warren), was placed in imminent peril. Mr. M'Kenzie had been engaged at the Chestnut, and was announced to appear as Mordant, and on the same day he was announced to appear at the Walnut. He took this step without assigning any cause whatever. On the night that he was announced to appear, Mr. Wood was obliged to assume the character of Mordant, and on his making his appearance he was received with hisses and cries of "Kill him!" "Drive him from the stage!" &c. The performance ended as it began, in confusion, and Mr. Wood was obliged to leave the theatre in company of three gentlemen, who were followed by the rabble.

On the following day, it was discovered that the cause of the riot was on account of M'Kenzie circulating a report that Mr. Wood was in the habit of indulging publicly and privately in most insulting attacks upon the Scotch portion of our citizens, as well as upon "mechanics in masses."

Shortly after this M'Kenzie admitted circulating the above report, and stated, as a cause, that he did it in hopes of intimidating the managers from arresting him, in breach of his contract.

Mr. M'Kenzie was very fond of Bacchanalian potions; indeed, he has been so intoxicated as to be unable to perform before the audience, and apologies have been made for him. He finally committed suicide by throwing himself into the river. He was a very useful actor: his person and manner gave him many advantages in performing characters requiring dignity and firmness of deportment.

WILLIAM PELBY.

BORN in Boston, Mass., March 16th, 1793; made his *debut* in Philadelphia, November 26th, 1821, as Macbeth, at the Walnut Street Theatre. In 1827 was manager of the Tremont Theatre, Boston; he also built the Warren Theatre, Boston. Visited England, and made his *debut* at the Drury Lane Theatre, London, as Hamlet. At the conclusion of the tragedy, a small party in the boxes called for Mr. Pelby. They were soon assisted by a junto in the pit, and a considerable number of gallery visitors. The row was carried on with unabated vigor until the curtain rose for the pantomime, when the manager found it necessary to come forward to learn the pleasure of the audience. The cries of "Pelby" and "Hamlet" were redoubled, and Mr. Wallack stated that the wish of the audience should be complied with. Immediately afterwards, Mr. Pelby made his appearance, amidst loud cheers. After bowing for a considerable time, silence was restored, and he made a few pertinent remarks, and retired.

Notwithstanding the favorable reception he met with, and the determined call which they made for his re-appearance, he was not allowed for a considerable time to make a second appearance, in consequence of the hostility of the manager, and the enmity and intrigues of Mr. Price, of the Park Theatre, New York, who was then in London. His second appearance was as Brutus, for the benefit of the Philanthropic Society, who presented him with a gold medal. He was the first native actor who regularly attempted the starring system.

Mr. P. possessed talent, enterprise, and industry, and wherever he appeared, was sure to become a favorite with his audience.

Died in Boston, Mass., Tuesday, May 28th, 1850.

MRS. ROSALIE PELBY.

WIFE of Mr. Wm. Pelby. Born at Kinderhook, New York, March 17th, 1793; made her first appearance on the stage, in 1813, at the old Federal Street Theatre, Boston, as Mrs. Mortimer, in "Laugh When You Can."

She retired from the stage, and took up her residence at Roxbury, Mass.

Died suddenly, in 1857, on board the steamship Northern Light, when one day out from San Juan, on her way home from California. She was a very useful and talented actress, and a most worthy woman in all the relations of life.

JULIA PELBY.

BORN in Boston, Mass., July 3d, 1832. Made her first appearance on the stage April 18th, 1851, at the Museum, Lowell, Mass. Made her first appearance in Boston, during the same month, as Madeline, in "The Child of the Regiment," at the National Theatre. First appeared in New York in 1852, at the Chatham Theatre.

Visited California, where she played a highly successful engagement; while there was married to J. W. Thoman, in July, 1858.

MRS. AMELIA PARKER.

BORN in New York, in 1827; maiden name, Amelia Sylvis. Made her first appearance in Philadelphia, August 30th, 1851, as Minnie, in "Somebody Else," at the Arch Street Theatre. Her first appearance on the stage was as Pauline, in "The Lady of Lyons," at Shiraz's Garden, Cincinnati. Married Edward Parker, in 1850, at St. Louis. Was a great favorite throughout the South and West, under Ludlow & Smith's management. Died in New York city, Nov. 1st, 1859, giving birth to twins. Buried

at Newark, N. J. Was manageress of the Newark Theatre for a long time.

LITTLE LOUISE PARKER.

This little girl made her *debut* on the stage when quite young. As Eva, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," she became celebrated throughout the States. Died in Baltimore, in May, 1857. She was a child of great promise, and in all her personations evinced the possession of dramatic talent of a very high order. We can only think of her death in connection with the beautiful vision of "Little Eva in Heaven," which was a part of that admirable drama.

JOHN PARKER.

In early life he had some experience in the ring as a clown, and still later was ballet master at the Park Theatre, New York. Abandoning the "sawdust," and bidding farewell to the "footlights," he commenced giving instructions in dancing, and to him and his daughter many of the best citizens of New York are indebted for the knowledge they possess of the intricacies of the quadrille. Then his school was prosperous and profitable. But a new race of dancing masters drove him from his old position, until he finally died in New York, December 23d, 1858, of old age and general debility.

MRS. MASON.

Well known as Mrs. Elizabeth and Mrs. Crooke. Born in England in 1780. Made her first appearance on the American stage, October 21, 1809, at the Park Theatre, New York, as Mrs. Beverly, in the "Gamester."

Made her *debut* in Philadelphia, September 10, 1816, as Widow Cheerily, at the Chestnut-street Theatre.

Mrs. Mason was the *fac-simile* of the Comic Masque, as she was the marked and vivacious companion of the social circle. She married Crooke, an English performer, who did not treat her very well; neither did her other two husbands treat her with respect. She finally went to New Orleans, and became a member of James H. Caldwell's family, at whose house she died in the summer of 1835.

Her life had been an eventful one. We will not attempt even its outline. As Mrs. Entwistle, she was at one time acknowledged to be the best actress in the country. The Southern reader will remember her better by the name of Crooke, and the lovers of the drama recall with pleasure her inimitable acting in the old English comedies; she was one of the few artists who assisted in restoring the rich tints of color, which time and ignorance, united, had nearly destroyed; but a touch of the magic wand of genius gives life and animation to the figures, and they bloom again in renewed color and beauty. Such an artist was the lamented subject of this notice; many are the pictures genius drew, which are now fading and withering, beneath the harsh and unskilful touch of an ungifted votary.

CHARLES KEMBLE MASON.

Born in Peterborough, Northamptonshire, Eng., in Nov., 1805. Made his first appearance in London when eighteen years of age, as Young Norval, at Covent-garden Theatre. Made his *debut* on the American stage at the Walnut-street Theatre, April 21, 1834, as Macbeth, and in New York the same year as Beverly, at the Park Theatre.

MRS. MASON.

Maiden name "Barber," born in London, made her first appearance on the American stage as one of the Fairies, in "O'Flanigan and the Fairies," at the Park Theatre, New York.

JOHN MASON.

Born in Edinburgh town, Scotland; made his first appearance on the American stage at the Park Theatre, New York, Dec. 19, 1832, as Rover, in "Wild Oats." He became a great favorite with the public, and was considered a very fair actor. At present residing in New Orleans, as an M. D.

His first appearance in London was June 20, 1831, at Covent Garden, as Romeo.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

July 15.—R. Travers and Patsy Reardon—£100 a side, at 10st 2lb, Home circuit.
21.—Dan Crutchley and Tom Allen—£25 a side, at 9st 10lb, Midland district.
22.—George Leach and Jem Paul——£15 a side, at 9st 8lb, Cheltenham.
29.—H. Burgess and Patsy Marley—£50 a side, Liverpool.
Aug. 5.—Jack Brookes and Tiny Tom—£25 a side, at 8st 10lb, Home circuit.
26.—Peter Morris and Young Holden—Mome circuit.
Nov. 25.—Jack Hicks and James Gollagher—£100 a side, at 9st, Home circuit.

From Sporting Life, May 28.

RATTLING MILL IN THE HOME CIRCUIT,

BETWEEN

THOMAS PORTER AND DAN KILEY, FOR £20, AT 8st.

On Tuesday, May 27, a couple of novices, Thomas Porter and Daniel Kiley, both of London, met in the Home circuit, to fight at 8st, for £10 a side. Neither had hitherto been before the public in the ring, although they have individually disposed of a few opponents in various single combats, quietly. Thomas Porter was born in 1843, stands 5 feet 5 inches, and on this occasion weighed about 7st 12lb. He was backed from Mr. John Patton's, the Horse and Groom, Bedfordbury, and took his breathings at Mr. Peake's, Plumstead. Dan Kiley is 5 feet 3 inches in height, and weighed 7st 12¼lb; he trained at the Wrestlers, Highgate. The weighing took place on Monday, at Mr. J. Brown's, Drury-lane, where Kiley was backed from. An early hour in the morning was chosen for the departure, and a trip by water was rendered imperative. About half-past ten a landing was effected, and Oliver and assistants soon had the ring in fighting order. After a length of time the referee was chosen, and the lads made their toilet for the fray. Porter was waited upon by Jem Hill and Christopher Jones, and had a white handkerchief with a blue cross-bar for his color. Kiley, who was esquired by Jem Gollagher and Mike Cocklin, fought under the old Birmingham birdseye. The betting was at this time 4 to 3 on Porter, which odds he offered to lay Kiley before they put up their hands. Porter, who was much the taller, stood with his hands well up and erect; Kiley, also, with his hands in an artistic form, but with his body advanced. During the first few rounds Porter took a slight lead, and invariably fought Kiley to the ropes, where he closed, and either fell himself or threw Kiley. In the eighth round, Kiley drew first blood, by a left-handed shot on the mouth (claimed, and allowed), and got the knock-down in the thirteenth. Some very good fighting ensued for about half an hour, when Kiley, by dint of sheer gameness, turned the tide of affairs in his favor, and so raised the hopes of his party that 6 to 4 was offered on him. During the next hour Porter made a great change in his favor, as he back-heeled Kiley several times, and every time fought him to the ropes, where Porter went down in a such a manner that he was cautioned by the referee several times. The superior length and stamina of Porter told a tale to such an extent that after fighting 2 hours and 50 min., during which eighty-four rounds were fought, Cocklin, finding Kiley had no chance, threw up the sponge in token of defeat, and Porter was declared the winner. The backers of Kiley were so satisfied with his conduct in the ring that they offered to make a fresh match, for £25 a side, on the same terms.

RING ON DITS.

John Hicks and James Gollagher, £200, 9st.—Articles were drawn up at Jem Mace's, on May 27, and an extra fiver staked, making £10 a side now down for the match between Jem Gollagher and Jack Hicks, to fight at 9st, for £100 a side, to take place on Tuesday, Nov. 25, in the Home circuit.

Peter Morris and Holden, of Walsall, £100 a side, at 8st, Aug. 26. £5 a side is now down.

Boater and Stiff 'Un.—The next deposit in the match between the above men has to be staked on Friday, May 30.

Bob Travers and Patsy Reardon.—The £5 a side due was duly posted, and the next deposit of the same amount is to be staked at Alec Keene's, on Wednesday evening, May 28.

Posh Price, in reply to Bill Ryall, would be most happy to accommodate him, were he at liberty, but it must be a well-known fact that he cannot please himself, being under the jurisdiction of a ruling power for the next six months. Still, when his "durance vile" has run out, he will have no objection to accommodate his friend, for he views the offer in a friendly feeling, believing he can polish off his man at weight, which must be something equalizing between 10st 12lb and 12st. For £50 or £100 a side, in due time, a match can be on, and Master P. hopes there will be no disappointment.

Samuel Thorn, of Marylebone, will fight Young Megrath (Jemmy Shaw's novice) at 7st 4lb, for not less than £10 a side, and would meet him at Jesse Hatton's, Champion Stores, on May 28, prepared to make a match.

Bill Dooley will make a match to fight any man in Hampshire, at 8st 6lb or 8st 10lb, for £5 or £10 a side. Man and money ready at any time, at George Mathison's, Portsmouth.

Pugilistic Benevolent Association.—The benefit in aid of the funds of this association is now finally fixed for Monday, June 9 (Whit Monday), to take place at Mr. Roberts', West Brompton Ground, in the afternoon. The following good men and true have already sent in their names as intending to assist:—Jem Mace (the Champion, who will show his belts and cups), Tom King, Nat Langham, Alec Keene, George Brown, Mike Madden, Jemmy Welsh, Young Hartley, Bob Travers, Young Hackett, Job Cobley, (the Enthusiastic Potboy), Dillon, the Shaws (father and son), Dan Collins, Ned Adams, Fred Dickinson, Jack Baldock, Young Reed, Gollagher, Cocklin, &c., &c.

PEDESTRIANISM.

An Eight Miles Walking Match.—On Monday, May 26th, the walking match between James Miles, of Brixton, and Joseph Oliver, of Chelsea, for £100 a side, distance eight miles, took place at Garrett's Race Grounds, in the presence of a couple of thousand spectators. Miles, from his races of a recent date with Spooner and others, had acquired a reputation seldom, if ever surpassed in such a short period of time. He was trained at Garratt-lane, and was attended by Lang, the celebrated runner. Oliver trained at Ewell, and, from his unassuming behavior, had gained a host of friends. The conditions of the match were:—To walk eight miles, fair heel and toe, for £100 a side, Oliver being allowed a start of one minute and a half. About half-past six, P. M., the referee having been chosen, the men came to the scratch, Mills having W. Lang for his attendant, and J. Oliver esquiring Oliver. The betting at this period was 6 to 4 on Oliver, which was taken to a decent amount by the friends of Miles. On Oliver receiving the word of command to go, he dashed off at a great pace, and covered about four hundred yards in the allotted time. When Miles started, the strong style in which he dashed off gained the approbation of the assembled crowd. From the commencement he gained gradually, as will be seen from the different "times" of the miles as they walked the race. Oliver took 8 min. 10 sec. to accomplish his first mile, Miles 7 min. 57 sec., having gained thirteen seconds. The two miles were completed by Oliver in 16 min. 25 sec., Miles being 16 min. 14 sec. going the same distance. The friends of Oliver at this time thinking Miles was not "gaining" sufficiently fast, laid 2 and 3 to 1 on their representative. Both were walking remarkably well and fairly, and as they progressed they were loudly and vociferously cheered. The third mile was walked by Oliver in 25 min. 1 sec., Miles in 24 min. 21 sec., having gained forty seconds. The fourth mile was respectively accomplished by Oliver in 33 min. 31 sec., and by Miles in 32 min. 38 sec., the latter having gained fifty-two seconds. Up to the fifth mile the time was 42 min. 27 sec. by Oliver, and 41 min. 51 sec. by Miles. Oliver accomplished six miles in 50 min. 51 sec., Miles taking 49 min. 45 sec., having gained one minute and six seconds. In the seventh, Miles put on some very fine spurts and diminished the distance very fast, and seven miles were walked by Oliver in 59 min. 28 sec., Miles taking 58 min. 9 sec. to pass the starting mark, having gained one minute and nineteen seconds. In the first lap of the last mile, Miles again put on some tremendous steam power and got on even terms with Oliver, whom he passed and made a gap between them, and despite all the efforts of Oliver, went in the winner by twenty yards, having walked the whole distance in *one hour, six minutes, and thirty-seven seconds.* The race passed off without a murmur, there not being a dissentient voice respecting the fairness of the style of both men. The time was not what might have been expected, but no doubt Miles, *who walked to orders*, could have travelled at a much greater pace, had there been a necessity for it.

Ireland vs England.—The English representative in this interesting match has in a great measure recovered from the effects of his recent break-down, though it will undoubtedly affect his running, whilst the possibility of a recurrence of such a failure renders him an unsafe *investment*. The Irish Champion has removed to English soil, and is now in close training in the neighborhood of London, showing in his condition the effect of Levett's judicious training.

Championship of Ireland.—The race for the One Mile Amateur Championship of Ireland, and cup, between T. H. Kirby, Esq., 19th Regiment, and an ex-champion, takes place on Monday, June 23, in Dublin. Both gentlemen have agreed to allow any other gentleman resident of Ireland to compete, on paying an entrance fee of one guinea to the giver of the cup.

AQUATIC.

SKIFF MATCH, FOR £400,

BETWEEN

J. H. CLASPER, of Newcastle, and DREWITT, of London.

The match, for £200 a side, between these two celebrities, took place on Monday, May 26, on the Tyne, the distance being from the High Level Bridge to the Bridge at Scotswood. Drewitt arrived in Newcastle about a fortnight previous to the match taking place, and domiciled with Mr. Charlton, near to Scotswood Bridge, under the care of Mr. Taylor. The stakes having been duly deposited, and all preliminary matters fairly adjusted, each party prepared for their work in earnest. Drewitt was in excellent health, and appeared to be in fine condition. In his exercises on the river, his style of pulling was keenly criticised by the *cognoscenti*. Clasper was not less assiduous in his training, and, under the care of his father, Harry, and his brother, Dick, was brought to perfection. Very little betting took place until a few days previous to the match, when both men were backed for even money. The evening previous, however, Drewitt had slightly the call, 5 to 4 being laid in some instances upon him. The match was appointed to take place at 1:45 P.M., previous to which time no less than a dozen steamers, one of which, the Garibaldi, with the officials on board, took up a position, as usual, alongside of the Javel Group. The referee was Mr. G. T. Tinn. The umpire for Clasper was his father, "Harry," and for Drewitt, Wilcox. The match had excited considerable interest in the north as well as the south. The wind on the day and the day previous, blew strongly from the south-west, which, meeting the tide, caused a heavy swell in the river; so that fears were at one time entertained that it would be necessary to postpone the match. If the rough weather, however, operated to the prejudice of Drewitt, it was considered so much the more favorable for Clasper, who was known to be quite at home in a swell. Hence, any overtures for the postponement of the match could not be entertained, and nothing was left for Drewitt but to pull it out. Though the amount of the stakes was so large, yet, strange to say, very little speculation took place. The betting generally was at even money, Drewitt for choice, though a few instances might occur where 5 to 4 was laid. All the steamers were densely crowded, and large numbers of spectators thronged the quays, wharves, and banks on both sides of the river. A short time after the appointed hour, Clasper entered his skiff from the Mansion House Quay, and pulled leisurely down the river, appearing in first-rate condition and full of confidence. After remaining some time on the water without the appearance of Drewitt, he disembarked, to avoid the cold air of the river, and to discharge a small quantity of water he had shipped. Drewitt afterwards embarked from the Skinnerburn, appearing also in fine condition. He is, however, a more powerful man than Clasper, as the following will show:—Drewitt is twenty-seven years of age, weighs 10st 7lb, and is 5ft. 9in. in height. Clasper is twenty-six years of age, weighs 8st 3lb or 8st 4lb, and is 5ft. 5½in. in height. Clasper used the same skiff as that used by Dick in his last match. It is 31½ft. in length, and was built by his father, Harry. It is 16½in. in breadth, and weighs 29lb. Drewitt pulled in one built by the same handicraftsman, lent to him for the purpose by its present owner. The toss for sides resulted in favor of Clasper, who of course selected the north side, while Drewitt took up a position about two boats' length to the south of him. The starting point was a boat moored a little the west of the High Level Bridge. Some delay took place in consequence of the non-appearance for some time of the umpire for Drewitt, which, however, was at length satisfactorily accounted for. The men having taken up their respective positions, started themselves, but had not proceeded far on their destination till it was seen that Clasper was taking a decided lead, Drewitt appearing to be in difficulties from shipping water at almost every stroke. At the Bottle House Quay he drew towards the shore in the wake of Clasper, stopped pulling, and commenced to lave the water from his skiff with his hands. Clasper in the interval had drawn so far ahead that there was not the slightest chance of his being overtaken, and the race was absolutely at an end, for though Drewitt resumed his oars, he was left astern at the finish by two minutes. Time, to the Meadows' House, 14 min. 14 sec. Thus terminated a match which was regarded by some as likely to prove one of the most interesting of the present season. The easy victory achieved by Clasper was regarded by some of the friends of Drewitt to his boat not being properly constructed in the splashboard, so that the water from the heavy swell was easily shipped, and compelled him to ease his boat at every stroke to avoid being swamped. His rowing in passing the Little Annie, where there was comparatively calm water, showed that Drewitt is possessed of a long, powerful, and beautiful stroke, which will on some future and more auspicious occasion prove exceedingly dangerous to an adversary. It is not unlikely that another match will ensue between the two men. At the conclusion of the match, Clasper was taken on board of the Garibaldi, where he was received with hearty cheers, and appeared none the worse for his pull.

Sculler's Race for £50.—On Monday, May 26, a sculler's race, which was invested with a vast amount of interest, took place over the Metropolitan Course, from Putney to Barnes, between a couple of Lambeth men, viz., Chas. Constable and W. Stratford, for £25 a side. Constable has been before the public for some years as the winner of several races. He was thirty-five years of age on the 6th of April last, is 5ft. 5in. in height, and weighs 9st. 10lb. He won Doggett's coat and badge in 1852, besides winning the following matches:—Beat James Merry twice, Fuller once, won at Antwerp Regatta five times, Ostend Regatta once, and beat Bradley, and has also won many minor prizes, such as silver oars, &c. William Stratford was twenty-two years of age on November 17, 1861, is 9st 4lb in weight, and 5ft 4in in height. He has only once previously appeared in public as a sculler, which was on November 29, 1860, when he defeated Lewis for £10 a side over the same course with ease. Stratford trained at the Feathers, Wandsworth, and Constable at Putney. Notwithstanding the early hour the race was set to take place in consequence of the tide, there was a decent muster assembled at Putney, as well as on board the Venus (Captain Sharpton) and the Victoria (Captain Barrett), steamers which accompanied the race. The betting was rather brisk at evens, but Stratford had the call as they went to their stations. Stratford won the choice, and took the inside (Middlesex) station, having Driver, of Wandsworth, to coach him up. Joe Leach performed the same duty for Constable. When they doffed their guernseys, both were evidently in very fine condition, every muscle and sinew showing in bold relief. After some dodging for the start, they drifted down a few yards from the Aqueduct, where they got away almost together, Constable having a trifle the best, which was equalized after the first few strokes. Stratford soon showed his superiority, as at every stroke his boat shot ahead more and more. At Simmonds', Stratford was leading by a length, which was increased to a couple at Finch's Ground, opposite which he took Constable's water. The race from this time was over, bar accidents, as Stratford gradually increased his lead as they passed Craven Cottage, the Crab Tree, the Soap Works, and Hammersmith Bridge, at the latter place leading by seven lengths, in 10 min. 40 sec. From this point Stratford gradually drew away with the greatest ease, and won a hollow affair from end to end, by rather more than a dozen lengths, the time occupied in rowing the distance being 23 min. and 40 sec.

Championship Swimming Match.—On Wednesday evening May 21, the Leaf Street Baths, Manchester, were crowded to excess to witness the race for the Champion Challenge Cup, value £25, open to the world. The distance to be swum was 500 yards, or twenty lengths of the bath. The first heat comprised the names of E. B. Mather and P. Johnson, of Manchester, and J. Aspinwall, of Eccles; but only Mather and Aspinwall put in an appearance. Mr. R. Elton started the pair, when they both plunged in together, Mather taking the lead at a tremendous pace for 400 yards, when he, to the utter astonishment of his friends, gave up dead beat, and Aspinwall was left to finish the heat himself. Second heat brought H. Keel, Champion of the Tyne, G. Howell and W. Price, both of Birmingham. On the word "off," they plunged into the water to a capital start, Keel taking the lead, and sometimes waiting for his opponents at each end of the bath, which caused much amusement to the spectators. Keel played with his men all through the race, and at last put on a spurt, and won as he liked amid much cheering. The deciding heat was looked forward to with much interest as to who would be the man. Keel was a hot favorite at 6 to 4 and 2 to 1. The race:—Keel took the lead for the first length, when Aspinwall passed him, Keel giving up at half the distance. It was the general opinion that Keel never intended to win, he stating that one of his legs was sprained or hurt, and could not strike the water, which caused much disappointment to the layers of the odds. The 200 yards race was won by D. Meakin beating five others, for a Victoria and Albert medal. The next part of the performance was a most extraordinary and clever display of aquatic evolutions by Professor Poulton, such as swimming the length of the bath (25 yards) in three strokes, swimming backwards, standing on his head under the water, swimming like a duck, overhand swimming on the back, spinning on the surface of the water, walking on his hands under water, displaying motionless floating, representing the Dying Gladiator, revolving on the water, eating, drinking and smoking under water. The evening's amusements wound up by a display of double floating by Mr. R. Elton and Professor Poulton, which also met with the applause of all present.

Skiff Match for £40.—A skiff match between Richard Clasper and Teasdale Wilson, for the above amount, came off on the Tyne on Monday, May 19, from the High Level Bridge to the Scotswood Suspension Bridge. The match arose in consequence of the unsatisfactory manner in which the last contest resulted between them, a want of judgment on the part of Wilson in taking the south side of the river having thrown him out of the race, but which was regarded as no proof that he had been defeated on his merits as a rower. His friends, however, were sanguine that another match where better judgment might prevail would have a different termination, more especially as they had strong faith in his enduring qualities, hence the present match. Wilson was trained by James Hall, and Dick by J. H. Clasper, his nephew. The start was appointed to take place at half-past seven o'clock, in consequence of the lateness of the tide, but previous to that hour several steamers, densely crowded, took up their positions near to the Javel Groupe. The condition of the river was highly favorable, while the weather was warm and pleasant, with a gentle breeze from the south. The umpire for Clasper was his brother, Henry Clasper; and for Wilson, John Adams. The referee and stakeholder was Mr. William Blakey. For some time previous to the race Dick was the favorite, and at starting 6 to 4 was laid upon him, many bets, however, being made at even money. Clasper won the toss for sides, and about the time appointed both men appeared in their skiffs. A fair start was effected, both getting well away, the lead shortly after being taken by Clasper. Before reaching the Mansion House Quay, however, Wilson put on a powerful spurt, reached his antagonist, and at length passed him amid intense excitement. At the Skinner's Burn he had so far improved his position as to be leading about a boat's length. At the foot of the Little Annie, he had doubled the distance, and so continued increasing his lead, until, at the finish, he won by about five boats' lengths. Time, about 22 min. Clasper pulled in a new boat, built for him by his brother, about thirty-four feet long, and a fine specimen of his workmanship. Wilson pulled in one built for him by Mr. Robert Jewett, of Dunston. There could be no doubt that on this occasion both men pulled on their merits, and the result evinced the grievous error into which Wilson fell in the previous match.

CRICKET.

GREAT CRICKET MATCH BETWEEN IRELAND AND ENGLAND.

THE IRISH ELEVEN VICTORS.

This match between the famous Marylebone Cricket Club, with Wootton, and eleven gentlemen of Ireland, with Grundy, was commenced at Lord's, on Monday, May 26, Colonel Bathurst and A. Ricardo going in for Marylebone, to the bowling of Grundy and G. Barry, Esq. After 50 were got, the latter was exchanged for S. Barry, Esq., and subsequently G. Barry, Esq., went on at Grundy's end. G. R. Johnson, Esq., and E. Tredcroft, Esq., followed Colonel Bathurst and A. Ricardo, Esq., 2 runs only being scored when the third wicket (Mr. Tredcroft's) fell for 13 runs; the fourth (Mr. Fellows's) for 74, he, having scored 38, was caught off the first ball of Mr. Arthur's slows. Captain Parnell went in, and Grundy resumed the bowling. The fifth wicket that fell was G. R. Johnson, Esq.'s, likewise for 38; both he and Captain Parnell batted very freely, and raised the score to 91, the latter retaining his wicket till 131 were obtained, his score being 23, including two hits for 5, one a drive, and the other a splendid cut off Grundy. A. G. Chapman, Esq., whose wicket was sixth in rotation, obtained 12 runs. Neither R. P. Moneypenny, Captain Stephens, nor Wootton increased the score. The innings of the Gentlemen of Ireland was commenced by G. Barry, Esq., scoring 1 from the first ball delivered by Wootton; 4 runs were obtained from the first over bowled from the opposite end by C. R. Johnson, Esq., 1 by G. Barry, Esq., and 3 by S. Arthur, Esq., Wootton then bowled four maiden overs. S. Arthur's was the first wicket that fell, he having obtained 8 runs. Grundy joined G. Barry, Esq., who was bowled the next over by C. R. Johnson, Esq., W. Hone, Esq., coming in next, when Grundy was caught at the short slip. (Three wickets for 14 runs). The Hon. Spencer Ponsonby joined Mr. Hone, and the ultimate success of the Irish party may be attributed to the fine play of that gentleman in this innings, and the excellent batting of R. A. Fitzgerald in the second, assisted by S. Arthur, Esq., who in the first innings scored 8, and in the second 23. Captain Parnell's 14 were the only double figures obtained in the second innings of the M. C. C., which amounted to only 49, leaving the Gentlemen of Ireland to go in against 100 runs, which they obtained with the loss of seven wickets. The following is the score:—

MARYLEBONE CLUB.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Col. Bathhurst b G Barry	1	b Grundy	0
A. L. Ricardo, Esq., b Grundy	0	c Ponsonby b S Barry	7
G. R. Johnson, Esq., c and b Arthur	38	c S. Barry b Grundy	7
E. Tredcroft, Esq., b Grundy	8	c and b S. Barry	0
H. W. Fellows, Esq., c S. Barry b Arthur	38	b Grundy	0
Capt. Parnell b S Barry	23	c Gordon b Arthur	14
A. G. Chapman, Esq., b S. Barry	12	c O'Brien b Arthur	7
R. P. Moneypenny, Esq., b S. Barry	0	run out	4
W. H. Baillie, Esq., c G. Barry b Grundy	2	b Arthur	1
Capt. Stevens b S. Barry	0	absent	0
G. Wootton not out	0	not out	0
Byes 4, leg byes 3, wides 2	9	Bye 1, leg byes 2, wides 6	9
Total	131	Total	49

IRELAND.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
G. Barry, Esq., b Johnson	3	l b w b Johnson	5
S. Arthur, Esq., b Wootton	8	b Wootton	23
J. Grundy c Wootton b Johnson	2	b Wootton	8
W. Hone, Esq., b Wootton	4	c Bathurst b Wootton	12
Hon. S. Ponsonby b Wootton	37	b Fellows	1
R. A. Fitzgerald, Esq., b Wootton	4	not out	33
R. Gordon, Esq., b Johnson	0	run out	1
S Barry, Esq., b Wootton	5	not out	2
M. E. O'Brien, Esq., c Ricardo b Wootton	0		
W.R. Napier, Esq., c Tredcroft b Johnson	3		
E. Fowler not out	0	b Wootton	0
Byes 8, leg byes 4, wides 2	14	Byes 9, leg byes 4, wides 4	17
Total	80	Total	102

Umpires—Baker and Royston.

RACKETS.

Great Racket Match.—The first event of the great Home and Home Match for £100 a side, between W. M. Dyke, Esq., the holder of the golden racket, and Frank Erwood, the Champion Close Court player, took place in the Artillery Racket Court at Woolwich, on Tuesday, May 27th, in the presence of a numerous party of officers, and many of the members of the Prince's Club. For several weeks great interest has been attached to this match, it being the first in which an amateur has ventured to play a professional of the known ability of Frank Erwood. From the match taking place in the Woolwich Court, with which Erwood is so thoroughly acquainted, Mr. Dyke was not the favorite for the first event. Erwood won the toss and went in, but Mr. Dyke scored the first ace, the game progressing evenly at first. Erwood went on from 4 to 11 in one "hand in," and ultimately won the game 15 to 5. Erwood made the first 4 in the second game, when Mr. Dyke passed him, and was 10 to 4. Erwood then remained at 7, till Mr. Dyke, by some finely-contested aces, reached 13, and after six exchanges of "hands in," won the game to 7. In the third game, Mr. Dyke kept the lead throughout, and won 15 to 11. The fourth game, Mr. Dyke won with comparative ease, obtaining 11 to 0. Erwood appeared in this game to suffer from want of condition, and to be reserving himself for a final effort. Mr. Dyke won it 15 to 5. The fifth was the game of the match, each straining every nerve to counteract the play of his opponent. Erwood was 6 to 1, 6 to 6, 8 to 6, 9 to 7, 10 to 9, 12 to 10; Mr. Dyke 13 to 12; Erwood 13 to 13. The game was set to 5, and won, after changes, by Erwood 5 to 2. In the sixth and last game, Mr. Dyke scored first, and had the best of the play. Erwood had done his utmost to win the previous game, the youth and superior condition of his opponent giving him a great advantage. Erwood made a good fight, but Mr. Dyke scored rapidly, and won the game 15 to 2, and the match 4 games to 2. Score:—Mr. Dyke, second game, 15 to 7; third, 15 to 11; fourth, 15 to 5; sixth, 15 to 2. F. Erwood, first game, 15 to 5; fifth, 13 to 13; set 5 to 2. The return match was to take place at the Prince's Club, on Saturday, June 7th.

THE TURF.

Ten Broeck Wins Again!—This gentleman, who has for several years past been looked upon as the American representative on the British Turf, has, it appears, been again successful in winning with an American born horse, at the Bath and Somerset Meeting, the fortunate animal being Olive Branch, by Lexington, Benita's dam. Mr. Ten Broeck's horses also ran in three other events, the summaries of which we here present:—

Tuesday, May 27.—The second year of the Tenth Biennial Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added, for three year olds; colts, 8st 10lb; fillies and geldings, 8st 7lb; the second to save his stake; one mile and a half. 42 subs.

Mr. R. Ten Broeck's Olive Branch, by Lexington—Benita's dam, 8st 7lb....Fordham 1
Mr. T. Parr's Tolurno, by Defiance—Honeymoon, 8st 7lb....Clement 2
Mr. Merry's The Knave, by Orlando—Trickstress, 8st 10lb....Challoner †
Mr. J. Clark's Bloodhound, by Windhound—Naomi, 8st 7lb....J Snowden †
Mr. T. Stevens' Ethel, 8st 7lb....Payne 5
Duke of Beaufort's Gemse, 8st 7lb....A Day 0
Marquis of Aylesbury's c by Windhound, Splitvote, 8st 10lb....J. Goater 0
Mr. Merrifield's Margery, 8st 7lb....Drew 0

Betting: 6 to 5 on The Knave, 5 to 1 agst Tolurno, 100 to 15 agst Olive Branch, 8 to 1 agst any other. Ethel, followed by Bloodhound, the Splitvote colt, Tolurno, and The Knave, made running at a good pace to the turn, where Bloodhound took the lead, and which he held to the turn into the straight, where Tolurno got his head in front, Olive Branch, Ethel, and Bloodhound lying close up. At the distance, the lot closed, and a splendid race resulted in favor of Olive Branch by a short head; The Knave and Bloodhound, who ran a dead heat for third place, finishing a head behind the second; Ethel was fifth.

The Lansdowne Trial Stakes of 5 sovs each, with 50 added; three year olds, 7st 3lb; four. 8st 8lb; five and upwards, 9st; selling allowances; one mile. 15 subs.

Lord Uxbridge's General Hess, by Nabob—Lady Alice, 5 yrs, 9st (£600)....Rogers 1
Duke of Beaufort's Birdhill, by Birdcatcher—Polly Johnson's dam, 3 yrs, 7st (£400)....T. French 2
Mr. T. Parr's Star of the West, by West Australian—Hopbine, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb....Clements 3
Captain Coates's Conqueror, 4 yrs, 8st 5lb (£400)....Challoner 4
Lord St. Vincent's Necromancer, 4 yrs, 8st 8lb....Edwards 0
Mr. Ward's Gibraltar, 5 yrs, 9st....Keeler 0
Mr. Ward's Traveller, 3 yrs, 7st 3lb....F. Smith 0
Mr. R. Ten Broeck's Myrtle, 4 yrs, 8st 5lb (£600)....Fordham 0
Mr. W. Day's Surbiton Hill, 3 yrs, 7st (£400)....J. Daley 0

Betting: 9 to 4 agst Birdhill, 3 to 1 agst Star of the West, and 5 to 1 agst General Hess. After some little delay at the post a moderate start was effected, General Hess having a slight lead, Necromancer second, Birdhill, Myrtle, and Star of the West following in the order named. There was no change of importance until reaching the distance, where Necromancer was beaten, leaving Birdhill second. In a few strides Star of the West took third position, and in this order the race terminated, General Hess winning by a neck; three-quarters of a length between the second and third, and a length and a half between the third and fourth.

The First Year of the Eleventh Biennial Stakes of 10 sovs each, with 50 added, for foals of 1860; colts, 8st 10lb; fillies and geldings, 8st 7lb: the second to save his stake; straight half mile. 53 subs.

Mr. C. Capel's Bright Cloud, by Sweetmeat—Merry Sunshine, 8st 7lb....H Grimshaw 1
Lord Stamford's Ætna, by Orlando—Vesuvienne, 8st 7lb....Edwards 2
Mr. Merry's Escape, by Teddington—Elopement, 8st 10lb....Challoner 3
Lord Westmoreland's Oak Apple, 8st 7lb....J Goater 0
Lord Coventry's Hypermnestra, 8st 4lb....J Adams 0
Lord Wilton's c by Teddington—Lady Evelyn, 8st 7lb....Ashmall 0
Mr. R. Ten Broeck's Curie, 8st 7lb....Fordham 0
Mr. T. Stevens' Banquetar, 8st 7lb....Payne 0
Mr. E. Brayley's f by Flatcatcher—Pet Lamb, 8st 7lb....Page 0
Mr. J. Clark's c by Windhound—Elcot's dam, 8st 10lb....J. Snowden 0
Mr. A. Hoof's Semley, 8st 7lb....Clements 0

Betting; 6 to 4 agst Escape, 9 to 4 agst Ætna, 6 to 1 agst the Windhound colt, 10 to 1 agst Bright Cloud, 100 to 7 agst the Lady Evelyn colt. Bright Cloud made the running to the distance, where the favorite headed him for a little; and Ætna, who had been running very wide, came with a rush and ran up to them. In a few strides Escape gave way, and Mr. Capel's horse again took the lead, Lord Stamford's going on second, and in this order the race finished, Bright Cloud winning by a length and a half; three quarters of a length separated the second from the third.

The Western Stakes of 10 sovs each, with 50 added, for two year olds; colts, 8st 10lb; fillies and geldings, 8st 7lb; certain penalties and allowances; straight half-mile. 47 subs.

Lord Stamford's Corintha, by Newminster—Queen Bee, 8st 12lb (inc. 5lb ex.)....Edwards 1
Mr. R. Ten Broeck's Vivid, by Vedette—Daisy, 8st 2lb....H. Grimshaw 2
Mr. W. Day's f by Orlando—Lady Palmerston, 8st 7lb..Adams 3
Mr. R. Ten Broeck's Batsman, 8st 7lb....Fordham 0
Mr. J. Clark's Brother to Scent, by Windhound—Elcot's dam, 8st 10lb....J. Snowden 0
Mr. H. Coverdale's Declaration, 8st 10lb....Challoner 0
Col. Dickson ns Regenerator, by Ratan—Fraud, 8st 10lb. Keeler 0
Mr. Saxon's Countess, 8st 4lb....Midgley 0
Mr. Treen's Craft, by Kingston—Miss Nipper, 8st 10lb. Parsons 0

Betting: 6 to 4 on Corintha, 6 to 1 agst Batsman, 7 to 1 agst Brother to Scent, 100 to 8 each agst Vivid and Countess. After several false attempts, a fair start was effected, Vivid, Corintha, Batsman, and Brother to Scent appearing in front; they ran in this order to the distance, where Batsman was beaten, and Vivid took a slight lead. Opposite the stand, the favorite challenged, and, after a very fine race, stalled off Vivid by a head; the Lady Palmerston filly a bad third.

Novel Trotting Match.—Mr. Robinson, a farmer in the vicinity of York, possesses a small horse (some thirteen hands high) of remarkable trotting speed and power. These qualities becoming known to some Liverpool gentlemen, they made overtures to buy the horse. No further agreement, however, was come to than the following conditional one:—That if the animal could trot a mile in three minutes they would give £70 for it. The going powers of the animal were tested on Monday last before a large concourse of people, when after three essays, the maximum speed attained accomplished the distance in 3 min. and about 8 sec. The gallant little animal was interrupted more than once in its course by adverse circumstances, but its performances convinced all who witnessed them that it could, with proper training, riding, and lighter saddle and bridle, accomplish this almost unparalleled feat. A mile in three minutes is a curious sort of unparalleled feat.

Trotting in England.—On Monday, May 19, a five mile match took place from the Manor House, between Mr. G. Robins's chesnut mare Kitty and Mr. Johnson's black mare Bess, for £25 a side. Both went away at a rattling pace, completing the distance in 18min. 15sec., but the result was in favor of the black, who maintained the lead throughout, going in remarkably fine style, and winning by a hundred yards. After the above, Mr. Holt matched his pony, under twelve hands three inches, against the winner one mile, for £25 a side.

Break-up of the Confederacy between Count Lagrange and Baron Niviere.—The great French confederacy is about to be dissolved, and both Count Lagrange and Baron Niviere, it is said, intend to retire from the Turf. It is generally understood that their wish is to dispose of their stud (amounting in all to above two hundred horses), in one lot, and the price demanded is stated to be 800,000f. (about £24,000.)

We are not disposed to be superstitious, but we wonder if the above is not premonitory of the dissolving of another but less honorable confederacy.

THE TRIGGER.

Pigeon Shoot for £200.—On Friday, May 23, about 200 persons met at the grounds of Mr. Wadducor, known as the City Grounds, Bradford, Manchester, to witness the commencement of the match between Joseph Donald of Kirkby, near Ulverstone, and J. Brown (*alias* Robson), of Newcastle, to shoot at 100 birds each, for £100 a-side, Donald using 2oz. of shot, whilst Robson used any weight he thought proper. On Saturday, there were only about fifty persons present to witness the conclusion of the match at the Copenhagen Grounds, the conditions being to shoot at fifty birds each day, 21 yards' rise, 80 fall. The betting at the commencement was even. Mr. Holden was stakeholer, and Pierce Holroyde referee. On the first day (out of fifty birds each), Donald killed twenty-six to Brown's thirty-seven; Brown thus winning the match by ten birds. The following is the score:—

First day, at City Grounds:
Donald...1111110111111011111000111111100111101111011011101—39
Brown...1011101011011111011111111111111111111010111101110000—38
Second day, at Copenhagen:
Donald..........1010011110101011101111011000010111011011101—26
Brown..........1101111111111011111110111101101111111111111—37

Billiard Match between Hughes and Bowles.—On Wednesday, May 21, an interesting billiard match was played at Clayton's Hotel, Doctors' Commons, between Mr. Bowles and Mr. C. Hughes, of 1,500 up, Mr. Hughes having 300 points allowed. After some very fine play, Mr. Hughes was victorious by 430 points, the game being—Hughes, 1,500; Bowles, 1,070. The spot stroke was played with great precision, Bowles making 7, 8, 10, 12, 14, and 20 hazards, and Hughes 7, 9, 10, 11, 12, 28, and 31 hazards. Bowles' highest scores were 45, 57, and 77; Hughes' 60, 86, and 97.

Big Trout.—They get up fine specimens of this fine kind of finnies out in Minnesota, occasionally. One was on exhibition at Martin Staddleman's saloon, at Winona, a few days since, which was 19 inches long, and weighed 4¼ pounds. It is thought to have been the largest ever caught in Minnesota streams. It was hooked in Burns' Valley Creek, near a brewery. This latter fact accounts for Mr. Trout's "bigness," as he evidently liked a drop o' good beer, he did. To increase the size of their fish out there, we would advise the inhabitants to raise them on larger beer in future.

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J. W. LINGARD.........................Manager.
SECOND WEEK OF THE
BEAUTIFUL AND WORLD-RENOWNED ARTISTE,
MISS ADAH ISAACS MENKEN,
Who is nightly playing to crowded and delighted audiences.
FIRST WEEK OF HER
GREAT EQUESTRIAN PERSONATION OF
MAZEPPA,
In which Miss ADAH makes a terrific ascent to the extreme height of the Theatre, (50 feet,) lashed to the bare back of her beautiful steed
BELLE BEAUTY. 10

METROPOLITAN THEATRE, BUFFALO.—The Albany *Express*, alluding to the production of "The Colleen Bawn" at the Theatre in this city, and to the praise bestowed upon Mr. Sydney Smith's personation of the character of Danny Mann, pays the following handsome compliment to Mr. Smith:

Mr. Smith is Manager of the Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo, and being an Albanian, we are glad to record his success in his profession. We cordially endorse all that is said by our contemporary. We had the pleasure of witnessing his rendition of the character of Danny Mann, and having seen it enacted by other gentlemen of the profession, we have no hesitation in saying that we think Mr. Smith's conception of it is the best we have ever seen.

"The Colleen Bawn" is to be performed at the Metropolitan three evenings more, and there are other pieces of acting in it, besides that of Mr. Smith, which are more than worth seeing.

10-1t* *Buffalo Morning Express, June 12.*

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Miss J. Land, Mrs. G. E. Locke,
Mr. A. R. Phelps, Frank Mayo,
John Wood, S. W. Leach,
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OUR LETTER BOX.

We have letters for Miss E. Kimberly, Messrs. C. Folwell, W. Blythe, Gustave Bideaux, J. Helk, and C. A. Reynolds.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, June 16, '60.

Monday evening, June 9, was one long to be remembered in the annals of amusements in New York. It was the occasion of the commencement of the summer season, and if the initial performances could be taken as an indication of the future, an unexampled success should be in store for those managers who have had the energy and courage to step in at the close of a winter siege, and institute a summer campaign ere the retiring forces had all taken their departure. The opening on the 9th was a most brilliant one, and everything seemed to favor the inauguratory movement. The day was clear and pleasant, and the evening cool enough to render in-door amusements bearable. The openings comprised Laura Keene's Theatre, by Miss Maggie Mitchell, and her new drama of the "Cricket;" Niblo's Garden, by Jarrett, Wheatley, and Davenport, with Miss Richings and the opera romance of the "Syren;" Winter Garden, by Professor Anderson and a burlesque on the "Tempest;" Cremorne Garden, by Mr. Nixon; and Wallack's, by the Florences (on the 10th). In addition to these places were Fox's Old Bowery, with the spectacle of the "Slave Queen;" the New Bowery, with Adah Isaacs Menken; the Museum, with its babies and other curiosities (?); Bryant's hall of minstrelsy; Butler's American Music Hall, and a score of minor establishments. The result of this competition on the 9th was a great turn out of the people, and at an early hour Broadway and the Bowery were filled with pleasure seekers, and a steady stream of ladies and their attendants could be seen pouring into the various houses of public resort. Nearly every place of amusement in the city was filled, and in some instances the houses were crowded to overflowing. For a summer opening, it was an immense success, so far as large audiences are to be taken into consideration. Of the means taken to ensure this outpouring and in-pouring of the people, we shall not attempt to speak; it is sufficient to say that theatres, halls, and curiosity shops were all well attended. Of the performances at the various places we shall have more to say, as we progress in our city summary record. With such an auspicious opening, it might be supposed that the favors so liberally vouchsafed on Monday evening will continue. It would afford us much pleasure at the close of the season to have it to record that each and every manager had come out of the trying ordeal unsinged, and with a cash surplus to reward them for their enterprise and outlay. But we fear that some will be not only singed, but badly scorched; we do not expect to see *all* run the season through—some will probably have to close earlier than they originally anticipated. The weather so far has been favorable for in-door amusements, and the heat of summer has scarcely yet been felt. When it *does* set in, then look for a decrease in the number of the *habitues*, and a thinning out of the houses of entertainment in the big city. We shall be happy if our fears prove to be groundless.

A full and well-dressed house greeted Miss Maggie Mitchell, on the 9th, on the occasion of her first appearance in this city in several years, and her assumption of the managerial duties of Laura Keene's Theatre. The entertainment offered was a new drama, a translation, called "Fanchon, the Cricket," of which Miss Mitchell owns the copyright, this being its first representation in New York, although it has been performed in several of the Western cities. Miss Maggie, of course, is the heroine of the piece. The play opens in the house of Father Barbeaud (J. H. Stoddart), an old farmer; rich, passionate, headstrong, and altogether a disagreeable old cuss. He has two sons, twins, Landry and Diddier (J. W. Collier and A. H. Davenport), who, except in dress, bear not the slightest resemblance to each other. Diddier has been missing for a short time, and as he is a foolish sort of youth, the family are in tribulation concerning him. A noise is heard outside, and presently a chicken is seen to come in at an open window, and lodge on an old-fashioned clock in the room; at the same time Fanchon, the Cricket, (Miss Mitchell,) is seen at the window, peering in at the chicken, which had escaped from her. In a moment she is in the room, and climbs upon a chair and table, to reach her chicken. This riles the old farmer, and he pitches into the Cricket, while she gives him as good as he sends, and more too. The Cricket is a ragged, quarrelsome, devilish sort of a little wretch, who is suffered to run around loose by her grandmother, Old Fadet (Mrs. Hind), with whom she resides. This old hag is a miserly character, working upon the credulity of the peasants, and inducing a belief in her supernatural abilities, a specimen of which is given in the second scene. We next come across the missing twin, who seems to be very anxious to die (because he saw his brother pinching the cheek of Madelon, with whom he, too, is in love), and the inevitable "little mossy bank" is handy for him to lie down upon, and sleep himself to death. The Cricket awakens him, however, and in her own homely way dissuades him from his rash attempt, and is hidden away by her from the "rude and vulgar gaze." The other twin, Landry, is in search of Diddier; Fanchon promises to show him his brother, provided he will grant her one favor, when she shall ask it of him. But he's a slippery sort of young chap, and although the Cricket once saved his life, and he was profuse in his promises, he had ever since avoided her, on account of her low position in life. He gives the promise, however, and she directs him across the bridge to where Diddier is keeping dark. Landry goes to find him, and the Cricket, overwhelmed with joy at the prospect of humiliating Landry, cuts up all sorts of shindies; the moon casts the shadow of the Cricket before her, with which shadow she dances an imaginary *pas de deux* with Landry, laughing, screaching, singing and jumping, all in her tatters, and in this wild freak she is observed by the twin brothers, who appear upon the bridge. We have not space to go through the whole plot. Suffice it to say, that at the Festival of St. Andoche, the Cricket appears, dressed in the most outlandish finery, and exacts the promise of Landry, which is that he shall dance with her seven dances. He pleads engagement with his sweetheart, Madelon (Mrs. J. H. Stoddart), but the Cricket insists on the fulfilment of his pledge. The dance begins, and Landry and the Cricket are partners, much to the delight of Fanchon, but to the disgust of Madelon and her lover Landry, who is ridiculed by the peasants. The dance ends; the peasants abuse the Cricket, and attack her, but Landry protects her, and she releases him from the further fulfilment of his promise. Madelon and Landry quarrel; in his supposed absence, *she* affects to scorn him; he (concealed close by) overhears her, comes forth, upbraids her, and an open rupture ensues. Landry begins to love the wild Cricket, Diddier begins to love her, too. Landry declares himself, and offers to make Fanchon his wife. His father storms, and says no such beggar shall ever enter his doors. Old Fadet is equally severe on the Cricket; Landry gets love-sick; pours into the Cricket's willing ear his tale of love: she tells him that she is about to take employment in a distant city, but if, at the end of a year, he is faithful, she will see him, and stand up to the rack as his wife. She departs. Landry gets awfully love-sick during her absence; is drawn to be a soldier; thinks of going, because, like the rebels, he was unable to procure a substitute. He don't go, however. The year elapses, during which time Fadet dies, and the poor Cricket is left without a guardian. She is recommended by the preacher of the village to ask the old cuss, Barbeaud, to be her guardian. At first, he cannot see it, but as the Cricket—who is now a clean, well-dressed, womanly-little body—relates the sad incidents of her life, the old man relents, promises to be her guardian, and almost falls in love with her himself. Of course "everybody on the stage" now. The old man asks the Cricket to become the wife of his son Landry—she jumps at it, and so does the love-sick swain; and so, almost, does Diddier, who is now a good, smart kind of a fellow. The death of Fadet gives Fanchon the cottage they lived in, and some little cash; the old man makes it all right with his son, and everybody is delighted, and virtue obtains its reward. The drama, which inculcates a good, healthy moral, was well-played, and everything passed off without the usual drawbacks of a first night. Miss Mitchell was received with great applause when she first made her appearance, the manifestations of good feeling continuing for some moments. Miss Maggie is small in stature, with a good figure, and a pleasing, but not really pretty face. She has a clear, strong, and flexible voice, and every word is uttered with distinctness. She is certainly a very clever actress; much better, indeed, than we expected to find her. Her shadow dance was a capital bit of stage business, and "brought down the house." There is much naturalness in her acting, and altogether, we like Maggie: she is a talented little body, and we hope she may prosper. Messrs. Davenport and Collier, who were well received, made the most of their parts, as did Mr. Stoddart, and the others. The drama is too long for a Broadway audience, occupying in its performance three hours and a half. It opens well, and the interest continues to the third act; after that, there is a falling off, the fourth act being very long, and somewhat tedious. There are five acts in all. A little pruning would make it more acceptable to our Broadway habitues. The piece has been given during the past week, and will continue until further notice. It has been shortened, we understand. Miss Mitchell was repeatedly called out on Monday evening, and floral tributes thrown at her feet.

Lon Morris, of Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels of Boston, was in town on the 11th.

Edwin Forrest was in town last week. He is doing nothing just now.

On Monday night, June 9th, Niblo's was crowded with one of the most brilliant and fashionable audiences of the season, the occasion being the first representation of the new operatic romance, in three acts, adapted and arranged expressly for Miss Richings, from Auber's celebrated comic opera of "La Sirene." The leading characters are sustained by Miss Richings, E. L. Davenport, J. Gilbert, L. R. Shewell, and Peter Richings, and these artists render each part assigned them with great ability. The plot of the piece is formed from slender material, but is nevertheless interesting. It is briefly as follows:—There is a brigand chief (E. L. Davenport) and a band of smugglers, who hide in the mountains of the Abruzzi. This chief has a sister (Miss Richings), who is the syren that charms travellers to their destruction by her vocal powers, although she is not cognizant that she is doing wrong. In the 1st act, the scene opens with the interior of a priest's dwelling, in which is seen Mathea (Mrs. Maeder), the servant, alarmed at a dreadful storm. Suddenly there enters Sig. Bolbaya, the manager of the Neapolitan Opera (P. Richings), who, together with one Scipio (Shewell), a captain of the brig of war Etna, that has recently captured a considerable quantity of contraband goods from the smugglers, seek shelter in the dwelling from the storm. These have not been in long before the brigand chief, known as Scopetto, also seeks the cover of the priest's house. Sig. Bolbaya, not liking the intrusion, undertakes to eject him from the house; to this, however, Scipio objects, and by his solicitation, the chief—who is unknown to them all as a brigand—is allowed to remain, whereat a friendship immediately springs up between the two, and during the conversation that ensues, each gives the other a brief history of their lives; each, however, preserving his incognito. Suddenly, the voice of the Syren is heard, and as her singing is but the giving of signals to the chief, it is understood by him; but all the others deem it supernatural but Scipio, who is struck with its similarity to the sound of his beloved's voice. The arrival of the Duke de Populi, the Governor of Abruzzi, changes the aspect of affairs, and in Scopetto he recognizes an old servant, the brigand chief having numberless disguises. In this act the interest is admirably kept up, but the development of the plot deduces an interest which is anything but satisfactory. What with the efforts of the brigand chief to secure the treasures of the Duke's palace, and of Scipio to gain the hand of the Syren, and sundry other bye plays in the way of lost heirs to a valuable estate, &c., the interest of the drama is tolerably well kept up to the 3d act, but as we remarked before, its termination is somewhat obscure as regards the finish of the plot of the play. However, as a whole, it is an exceedingly attractive spectacle, the music throughout being excellent, and the vocal performances of Miss Richings of the most praiseworthy character. Her rendering of the cavatina, "Ray of Hope," with the flute obligato, was really a great effort, and was enthusiastically encored. Strange to say, this grand romantic spectacle, with a name so suggestive of a great display of feminine attractions, has but two female characters in the whole play, that of Miss Richings and Mrs. Maeder, not even a feminine supernumerary being present throughout the piece.

It must not be supposed, because we have a "Cremorne Garden" in New York, that it is altogether similar to the London "Cremorne." Ours is a sort of weak invention; and although Mr. Nixon may have started out with the idea of making a magnificent place of summer resort, it is evident that he suddenly came to the determination to soften down his castle building, and give us a Cremorne in name, if nothing more. The grounds are not laid out in that style of grandeur which the usual advance notices had led us to expect. Neither are the performances of more than a mediocre character. In the inauguration of such a place as the "Cremorne" promised to be, it was presumed that Mr. Nixon would have given us a "new and original" entertainment; novelties of a high order, and performers fresh to a metropolitan audience. But he has given us nothing of the kind. It is true, he combines the circus, the ballet, and the opera in one entertainment, yet they are all old things to New York, and the performers are from bad to middling, many of them having either appeared on the Bowery and Broadway, or at some place of amusement close by; and, therefore, not at all freshly attractive. The opening of the garden took place on Monday evening, June 9th, and an audience, numbering, we should judge, some 3,000 persons, was present. Since then the attendance has greatly fallen off, as it has at most of the other places of amusement which were so crowded on Monday evening. Tom Baker's Orchestra is one of the best features of the concern. The "Gardens" are small for a "Cremorne," and though the rate of admission is small, yet the charges for refreshments are very steep; and, if persisted in, will contribute to the killing of the place. We were present again on the 12th; there were about 1000 persons present; on the evening previous, we understand, double that number were in attendance.

The attractive Adah Isaacs Menken has been drawing very fair houses at the New Bowery, her *repertoire* for the week including several of her choicest pieces, among which were "Lola Montez" and the "French Spy," in both of which she evinces a degree of talent and originality that is quite charming in these days of hackneyed dramatic performances. In the former piece, her perfect *abandon*, so free from vulgarity withal, and her exceeding and refreshing *nonchalance*, afford the regular *habitues* quite a treat. She will unquestionably take "London town" by storm, if we mistake not. We are rather surprised that she should favor such trash as "Sixteen String Jack," and dramas of like character. Miss Menken will continue her performances this week, opening in Mazeppa.

Now that the New-York critics have sung the praises of Miss Bateman, and almost exhausted themselves in their efforts to outdo each other, we have a word or two to say about the lady; and as her one night at the Brooklyn Academy, on the 10th, gave us another chance to see her, outside of New-York influences, we embraced the opportunity, and of her appearance and performance on that occasion, we give a true, impartial, and unsolicited sketch. As the lady's appearance was a new sensation for Brooklyn, we were not at all surprised upon entering the magnificent dramatic temple which the Brooklynites have erected and dedicated to the worship of the muses, to find every seat, and, for that matter, all the standing room, occupied; in fact, we were compelled to take what view we could obtain of the stage, and the actors thereon, from a remote standee, and our enjoyment of the entertainment was somewhat dampened thereby. Miss Bateman is certainly a pleasing actress, but to call her beautiful would be to do her a wrong, for she is not a beautiful woman, nor yet a handsome one, but simply a fine-looking, well-formed female, with an intelligent face, robust figure, well-turned arms—which she moves with exceeding grace—delicate white hands—which she well knows how to use and display—and, to sum up, a contour at once pleasing and commanding. Her voice is full and rich, and seems to be under good control, her modulation at times being most excellent. In two scenes in the play of the "Hunchback," in which she appeared as Julia on this occasion, her acting was very effective, indeed. In the scene where Clifford appears before her as the secretary of her betrothed husband, the struggle between her sense of honor as a betrothed wife, and her love for Clifford, was admirably rendered; so also was her powerful denunciation of Master Walter, which immediately follows her interview with Clifford. Her elocution is at times faulty; but time and experience, and honest criticism, may enable her to overcome this. A noticeable feature in Miss Bateman's acting is her apparent avoidance of anything resembling stage mannerism, and, therefore, her characterizations appear the more natural. Her walk is stately, without being exactly what might be termed stiff. She passes from one side of the stage to the other, without, apparently, counting the steps necessary to accomplish the transition. When she has fully toned down the occasional displeasing points in her reading, she will stand forth a leading American actress. So much for Miss Bateman. The part of Helen was very neatly rendered by Miss Henriquez, who proved a decided acquisition to the company. With chances like this, the lady should become a popular favorite. Master Walter was performed by J. W. Wallack, Jr., and his personation was given in his usually excellent style. Mr. Edwin Adams enacted the part of Clifford in a most satisfactory manner. It is a pleasure to witness such a natural rendering of this part. Among the minor characters, that of Modus, by Mr. Rand, and Fathom, by Mr. Lamb, were especially worthy of notice, both of those gentlemen having evidently studied their parts well.

Charles Gayler's edition of Shakespeare's Tempest, got up in elegant binding, and illustrated with highly colored plates, has been the attraction at the Winter Garden this past week, good houses being the result of the publication of this latest burlesque on the works of the "immortal" bard of Avon. It is not "a bad thing," by any means, and is likely to take, as it contains considerable of the "Union" element, many of the allusions being pointed and witty. The scenery may be said to be "gorgeous in the extreme;" in fact, it really is very attractive, the scenic effects being admirably gotten up. The feature of the piece is the liberality shown in the way of feminine supernumeraries, Anderson, or some one else, having collected together just about as good looking a lot of "pretty waiter girls" as we have seen for a long while, or since the music halls closed. The beauty of it is, that they don't confine themselves to affording the audience occular demonstration of well-formed nether limbs that a view from the stage yields, but they all march around the parquet on a platform erected under the boxes, thereby affording the occupants of the parquet seats a splendid chance for a closer scrutiny of the aforesaid nether limbs, and so forth, than they could possibly obtain ordinarily. Among the choice exhibitions of like character that mark the play, is that given by Miss Emily Thorne, the recent English importation from the Adelphi Theatre, London. This beautiful English *blonde* has a splendid pair of legs—we say it boldly, legs—and of this fact she is fully aware. Indeed, she is rather proud of them, and does not scruple to show them off to the best and highest advantage, much to the edification of the amorously disposed of the audience, to whom a beautiful form and face of the feminine gender is *the* attraction of attractions at our public places of amusement. Of the acting and music, all we have to say is, that both are good, and about on a par. We notice that a contemporary expresses fear in regard to the reputation of Mrs. Wood being affected by the *debut* of Miss Thorne: we think not, however, unless the latter lady developes more ability than she does in this piece, although what she does is well done, her acting being very creditable, but nevertheless not up to our charming Wood. One great drawback to the interest of the piece is the introduction of the second sight business previous to the commencement of the burlesque. This is one part of the entertainment that drags, and could be left out with great advantage, we think. By saying this we do not mean to depreciate the astonishing efforts of memory exhibited by Miss Anderson in this part of the programme; on the contrary, it has been a feature of Anderson's magical soirees, but in this burlesque it is out of place. Tom Thumb was there one night when we were present, and by way of testing Miss Anderson, placed a model set of false teeth among the articles collected for her to name. His tiny voice, so like a woman, heard in answer to the query of whose article it was, created a hearty laugh. The house was good, especially the parquet, the leg business having a tendency to fill this locality with a "highly respectable and appreciative audience." Since the first three or four nights performance, the "hanky panky" part of the programme has been well rendered, and the whole attention of the Wizard's "little lot" has been devoted to the Tempest. This alteration was not achieved without an effort, but when it became a question whether either the Tempest was to be withdrawn or the "hanky panky," why the Professor reluctantly caved.

Barnum's babies were exhibited during the past week, and returned to the "bosom of their families" after showing on the 14th. The speculation was not to remunerative on the second as during the first week.

We hear it rumored that George Christy intends to "repossess and occupy" late Canterbury Hall as a place of Nigger Minstrelsy.

Madame Herrmann, "prestidigitateuress," made her *debut* in opera, at the Academy of Music, on the 11th inst., in the Daughter of the Regiment. We were not present, but learn that she made a favorable impression, and was well received. Brignoli, who appeared as Tonio, is said to have conducted himself in a somewhat ungallant manner toward a *debutante*, while Susini, on the contrary, did all in his power to assist the lady, and make her *debut* successful. All of which has a very ugly look for the "handsome tenor."

The Bryants keep on in their forward movement, and reap a

rich harvest "all the year round." Our friends in the New England States may shortly have an opportunity to hear and see this favorite band; for in July, when they close their entertainments here while their stage is being enlarged, and their hall painted, etc., it is probable they will give a few performances for the amusement of our Eastern friends. So look out for them.

Hooley's Minstrels performed in Brooklyn last week. They have since left for Philadelphia, where they appear this evening at the Continental Theatre.

"Our flag is still there!" Where? At 444 Broadway, to be sure, if "nowhere else." Col. Robt. W. Butler is not the man to "give it up." His "chosen band" consists of Tony Pastor, Charley White, Gustave Bideaux, etc., with Ernestine de Faiber, Lizzie and Matilda Schultz, etc. But these are only a sample half-dozen of the good boys and girls who now sustain the banner of freedom among the breezes from the Arctic-wind fans at 444 Broadway.

At Fox's Old Bowery, how shall we describe our pleasure at seeing "the old stand" flourishing so well? And no wonder, with such artists as C. W. Clarke, J. J. Prior, Harry Chapman, etc., with Fanny Herring, Mary Mitchell, etc. On the 17th, the anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill, is to be most religiously observed, like the "old times."

The Florences opened at Wallack's on the 10th. We have not had time to visit them, and cannot say how they are doing.

On Friday evening last, one of the transparencies over the main entrance to the Cremorne Gardens took fire from the jets of gas within. T. Allston Brown, one of Mr. Nixon's agents, immediately proceeded to the roof, and extinguished the fire without further alarm or damage. In returning over the Floral Hall, he stepped upon a skylight which had been covered with oilcloth, and received some serious wounds from falling through the glass, but is now rapidly regaining blood and strength.

Wallack's old stand, Brougham's Lyceum, is now preparing for a renewed demonstration of vitality on the 23d, if not sooner. Mr. Walter Benn, we understand, is among the new company being engaged.

We are not surprised at any science Herrmann may prestidigitate, but the way that Dubreuil, at the Cremorne Gardens, gave Herrmann a shocking bad hat, and the usual results of a fistic encounter, one evening last week, shows how much respect some persons, calling themselves gentlemen, have for the presence of ladies.

We find that our remarks in relation to the baby show at Barnum's Museum have been well received and re-echoed by papers of an independent position in business. For example, the La Crosse (Wis) *Democrat* discourseth as follows:—"One hundred mothers, fruitful daughters of Eve, went to Phineas with their first or some other born, and were arranged around the rooms to exhibit their little images of Pa and Providence, for a prize to be awarded the handsomest one in the lot. The papers say it was a success. Of course it was; such exhibitions always are; and if the hundred mothers had all been there on exhibition some months since, seated like chairs at a funeral, the crowd would have been as great! We do not care to wedlock with the coy and retiring mother who thus for money exhibits her offspring, and has no chance of retiring till the show is over. What 'developments' the crowd of pig-eyed men could behold for two shillings! What 'drawings from nature' the bashful maid or retiring lover could see for a little money! A hundred mothers—a hundred babies! A hundred fathers standing around, listening to remarks, funny, complimentary, and otherwise! The idea is sickening. What man who really loved his wife—what man of fond affection and noble impulses would consent to such an unveiling of Love's billows—would subject his wife to the gauntlet of a thousand eyes or coarse remarks? Such enterprises tell too plainly that Barnum had there a hundred sordid wretches, a hundred women whose boast is good breeding—the adjective omitted." By the way, as Brother Barnum is a great hand for amalgamating curiosities, why has he not given "de colory folks" some kind of "show and a sight?"

DRAMATIC.

In our issue of 31st May, we ventured to state that—"Among the items of news which have come to light since the occupation—or rather restoration—of Nashville, we learn the death of Mrs. Anna John Greene, on the 19th January last, at the age of sixty-two, in that city. She was born in Boston, March, 1800, was at one time a favorite on the stage in Philadelphia, and retired from the profession about two years ago. She may be remembered more generally as the widow of John Greene, a popular representative of Irish characters. After years of careful industry in her profession, Mrs. Greene entrusted her means with some gentlemen then of good standing in Nashville, but recent events have involved those parties in secession schemes and pecuniary losses. Thus, without any agency or fault of her own, she was left homeless and destitute. Illness, chagrin, and despair, finished the career of this fine actress." This was inserted just after mail facilities had been somewhat resumed, although not with usual postal regularity, between here and Nashville. Since then, communication has become more frequent and regular, so that we now have the pleasure of seeing that the latter portion of our statement must have been misunderstood by our previous correspondents, and of vindicating the usual good name of Nashville society, as may be seen in the following communications, which are from parties of the most unquestioned and unquestionable respectability:—

Frank Queen—*Dear Sir:*—I have just seen your paper of May 31, in which you state as an item of news, that "Mrs. Anna John Greene deceased on Jan. 19, 1862; that she had entrusted her means with some gentlemen, then of good standing in Nashville, but recent events had involved these parties in secession schemes, and pecuniary losses. Thus, without any agency or fault of her own, she was left homeless and destitute. Illness, chagrin, and despair, finished the career of this fine actress." Your statement is entirely untrue, and calculated to do me much injury. It evidently points to some transactions which took place between Mrs. Green and myself, which I will briefly recapitulate. On Nov. 1st, 1859, Mrs. Greene being uneasy about the condition of our Banks, deposited (unsolicited) with the house of Mackenzie & Minchin, of which house I am a partner, the sum of one thousand dollars, for which we gave her security, and promised to pay her interest. On the same day she deposited with the late George Greig, Esq., of this city, eight hundred and fifty dollars. On Dec. 11, 1861, only about five weeks before her death, we repaid to her the sum she had deposited with us, principal and interest, and I know well that before his death, Mr. Greig repaid to her the amount that she had deposited with him. On the 19th of January, 1862, Mrs. Greene died at the residence of Mr. John Goodwin, a teacher of dancing in this city. I did not know of her illness until late the evening before her death, but on the day that she died Mr. Goodwin paid to the Rev. T. L. Harris, and to the Rev. Mr. Harlow, both preachers of the Episcopal church, two hundred dollars to each, in accordance with Mrs. Greene's wishes. The funeral was conducted in a highly respectable manner. The bodies of herself and husband repose in a beautiful lot in Mount Olive Cemetery, chosen by Mrs. Greene, and paid for by her—handsome memorials are erected over both her husband and herself, paid for out of her own funds. In addition to the amount of money that I have stated above, I know that Mrs. Greene, before her death, sold out five shares of stock that she held in the Nashville Building Association; I know that she furnished the room that she occupied in Mr. Goodwin's house, in very excellent style, and that her personal wardrobe was quite equal to that of any lady in good circumstances in this city. One of the best physicians of the city was in constant attendance upon her during her illness, and she was deprived of no comfort that money could furnish. The amount that the Dramatic Fund Association furnishes toward the funeral expenses of its members, is ready to be paid to her heirs or administrators. I am well assured that Mrs. Green never lost a dollar by misplaced confidence in any citizen of Nashville. During the nine or ten years that she lived here, she was always in very good circumstances. At the time of her death she did not owe a dollar; she was always in the habit of paying her board in advance. Her funeral expenses were paid as soon as contracted by Mr. Goodwin, and probably if her heirs will address him, it will be found that she left money, furniture, clothing, and jewelry, instead of being homeless and destitute, as your correspondent states. I am, dear sir,

Your obedient servant,

Nashville, June 3, 1862. Alex. Mackenzie.

At the request of Messrs. Mackenzie and Minchin, I examined their books, and also saw the note which was given to Mrs. Green by the above firm, which note was cancelled.

S. B. Duffield,
Manager Nashville Theatre.

We insert these documents the more readily because they not only show that the departed lady was not so disastrously situated as we had been led to believe, but that her heirs at law (if any) can address Mr. John Goodwin as above. The documents here given are certified by other friends we have in Nashville, and we feel warranted in saying that every facility would be afforded by any of the parties here named, as is proved by their uniform kindness to Mrs. Greene.

Card.—In reply to Mr. Pratt's assertion that Mr. Bogle "did not read in the manner described," I am compelled to contradict him by saying that Mr. James Bogle did read in the manner described in the Clipper of May 31st. So *new* a reading attracted my attention, and in order not to forget it, I made note of it at the time. Had it not been for the able support of Mrs. Farren, the play would have proved a failure; as it was, the play dragged so that nearly *one-half* the audience had left the theatre before the play had reached its fourth act. Mr. Pratt has the advantage of your correspondent, for he has seen him play (?) in many leading Shakespearean characters; and if not better done than his Macbeth, I do not envy him the pleasure he must have experienced in witnessing such acting. Mr. Pratt says he is a gentleman. This I do not dispute, but perfectly agree with him; but when he says he is an *actor*, then we disagree. So in order not to have any further trouble, I shall drop Bogle for the present.

Yours, &c., W. F. P.

Frank Drew commences an engagement for Manager Henderson at Pittsburgh on the 16th. Frank has not "dropped in" there for some time, and will doubtless do well. Considerable scene shifting about these days at Pittsburgh. Hope there is no deficiency in "the stage of water."

The Metropolitan, Buffalo, seems to flourish under the management of Sir Sydney Smith. "The Colleen Bawn," (see another paragraph), with John Collins and Alice Placide, has been a pretty safe card; but, on the 16th, Sir Sydney comes out with "The Macarthy, or Peep O' Day," introducing Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Allen as the stars of the scene and the week. The Allens are stated to have left Pittsburgh somewhat "suddingly" on the afternoon of the 8th, and consequently Manager Henderson telegraphed for Mrs. Henderson, who commenced the biz. of the week on the 9th as Zoe, in "The Octoroon," and was carrying on well at latest advices. So this makes Pittsburgh and Manager Henderson safe. The Allens next proceed from Buffalo to Cleveland, and thence to Chicago. Well, the West certainly is a great place for "moving on." People out there tell a story of a man who had "moved" so often that whenever a covered wagon came near his house, his chickens would march up, and fall on their backs, and cross their legs, so as to be tied and carried to the next stopping place. Speaking of removing, we understand that Henderson's stage manager, H. Lewis, had a benefit at the Pittsburgh Theatre on the 13th, and intends soon to leave for Europe, accompanying Mrs. Henderson on a professional tour.

Manager John T. Ford, in Baltimore, kindly sends us a telegram to-day (16th), stating that Mr. C. B. Harrison, lately with Mr. Forrest, while in Boston, Brooklyn, and Washington, died at the National Hotel, Washington, on Sunday evening, the 15th. Mrs. Harrison was present when Mr. H. expired.

The Boston Museum will once more possess the talents of J. A. Smith, as per agreement for next season. Boston is lucky.

Mr. Chanfrau's new play of "The Arkansas Traveler, or Life in the South," is well adapted for the times. "Vich nobody can deny."

Julia Daly has good times at the Walnut, Philadelphia. Wayne Olwine and Charley Chamberlain have been perpetrating a new burlesque for her, called "King Cotton."

"Honest Tom Comer"—a title granted by popular letters patent—takes a benefit as a thirty-four-year-old public favorite, at the Boston Theatre, on the 20th. John Salmon, W. H. Smith, John Davies, Thomas Barry, and "such like," will be there, with—but we must stop. Boston and the ladies will take care of Honest Tom.

Miss Kate Reignolds will produce her new adaptation of "The Angel of Midnight" while at Montreal, where she is the next star after Mrs. Barrow.

Our Baltimore correspondent was greatly in error in stating that the Athenæum, Washington, was to be converted into a concert saloon. Mr. Ford never entertained such an idea, for the theatre is still in successful operation, and it is the purpose of Mr. Ford to maintain it as a first class place of dramatic amusement. So, also, in regard to the Holliday Street, Baltimore, now in its *forty-second consecutive week*, and which has been almost uninterruptedly successful. The season has been unusually prolonged on account of its success, without a single failure to meet full salaries up to this time, while all other places in the city have been repeatedly closed. This speaks well for the managerial ability of Mr. Ford, and we take a great deal of pleasure in placing these facts upon the record. Our correspondent in Baltimore may have been led astray by the mis-statements of others, for we cannot believe that he would intentionally try to mislead us and our readers, and injure a worthy man. Bishop's benefit, we are informed, was very large for the night, double the receipts, nearly, of all the other establishments put together. As the best proof of the performances at the Holliday being successful and the company acceptable, let the season so extended give a practical verification. The Athenæum, Washington, is a first class establishment, and as select in its regulation as Wallack's new theatre, in New York. Mr. John P. Smith, business agent of the Baltimore Melodeon, who has been suspected of sending the communication signed "Prompt Side," writes us to contradict that statement, whoever may make it, and also to express his cordial approbation of both Mr. Ford and Mr. Bishop as artists and gentlemen.

"Seneca" writing from St. Louis, on the 11th, says that Mr. P. Gleason, treasurer at the St. Louis Theatre, recently took his first benefit in fourteen years. Being a universal favorite, of course he had a most excellent house, the bill including "Brian Boroihme" and "Paul Pry," with Ben De Bar as the inevitable Paul. Mr. Gleason has hosts of friends......On the 16th the Webb Sisters commenced an engagement of two weeks. Though strangers here, I predict a good engagement for them. On the 30th, Mr. Heller, the magician, commences an engagement of one week. Last week Heller assisted at a charitable concert at the St. George's Church, presiding at the organ, to the delight of all who heard him. He is now doing the towns along the Mississipi river above here, and will return, as I said, on the 30th.

As regards Albany and Troy, Wattie Rusher, says:—Mr. J. S. McCann opened the Troy Adelphi on the 9th. This beautiful house has been renovated, and now looks as though it had just been dedicated. The Trojans seem to feel "skittish," about going to amusements so soon after their late calamity. The consequence was that the house was not crowded on the first night. On the 10th, biz. was better. The company consists of Mrs. McDonald, Mrs. Glassford, Miss Freal; Mr. Glassford, Mr. G. F. McDonald, Mr. Evers, Mr. Easton, Messrs. Riggs and Sandford, and Mons. R. Abecco, harpist. The play on the 10th, was "All that Glitters is not Gold." Mr. Riggs as Toby Twinkle, made a capital hit. Mr. G. F. McDonald as Stephen Plum, was fair; the character showed very little study on the part of Mr. M. Mr. Evers as Frederick Plum, seemed worse then Mr. McDonald; the prompter's voice was needed very frequently. Martha Gibbs (Miss Freal) was certainly a clever piece of acting. Mrs. Glassford, and Mrs. McDonald enacted their parts very well. Mr. G. H. Barton, late of Laura Keene's Theatre, is at the Adelphi, preparing the "Naiad Queen" for enactment. This piece, with gorgeous scenery, and startling effects, will be produced on the 16th inst......At the Gayety, Albany, I have nothing especial to quote. Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Hotto have returned to New York. Mrs. D. Vandeeren took a benefit on the 11th. The drama of "The Octoroon" was played. The *beneficiaire* in the part of Zoe was a sufficient evidence of the superior histrionic talent of the lady. Her husband, Mr. D. Vandeeren, from Niblo's, New York, sustained the character of Jacob McCloskey. Mr. D. is a pleasing actor, but he is almost too impulsive and nervous in this particular part. Salem Scudder (Harry Howland) labored under a most painful hoarseness. His part was well committed, however, and he was generally applauded. Mrs. Howland's Dora Sunnyside is not a suitable character for that lady. She evidently did not feel at home, and appeared nervous. Lottie played it, however, with a feeling sense of the sublimest, so potently enjoyed by the ladies of the South. Wilkins' Wahnoke, was very good; do wonder if Sydney has ever been a red-skin? Langrish's Uncle Pete, was capital. Mr. R. S. Manuel deserves especial mention. His Geo. Peyton, undergoing the trials of a person in deep love with the unfortunate Zoe, brought tears to many eyes......Alice Placide begins a two week's engagement on the 16th, opening as Cynthia, in "The Flowers of the Forest." This theatre has lost several valuable pieces of wardrobe, which cannot be easily replaced.

The season at the Arch, Philadelphia, closed on the 14th, with the engagement of Mr. Frank Chanfrau.

A job for the lawyers (Boston lawyers, at that) seems highly probable, considering that the new play called "East Lynne" was announced for performance on the 16th, at two houses in Boston, namely, at the Museum (for the benefit of Miss Josephine Orton) and at the Howard, by Miss Lucille Western, who claims the "sole" right to use the piece. A chance for slipper soles coming into use, but the best part of the fun is that neither lady is a "femme sole."

James H. Hackett commenced a three-night engagement at the Louisville, Ky., Theatre on the 10th. B. F. Macauley had a benefit on the 9th. After Mr. Hackett's three nights, Macauley was to appear as Richard the Third at a benefit for Thomas S. Carey. Macauley's ben. was a bumper. Biz. good.

MUSIC HALLS.

Speaking of the halls and "gartens" in St. Louis, "Seneca," writing on the 11th, says:—M'lle Velarde, and most of the old ballet troupe of the Varieties, have gone to the Volks Garten......At Flora Garden an English performance is given every Sunday afternoon and evening; at Hyde Park a similar performance; and at Apollo Garden, a German company do dramatic business. Zoological Garden still flourishes......Kathleen O'Neil appeared at the Varieties on the 10th, to a large audience. As she has run the gauntlet of New York criticisms, of course she pleases...... Miss Kate Pennoyer appeared on Friday night, the 6th instant, and on the 10th, in conjunction with the new ballet troupe. She is also a useful addition......Business at the Varieties is immense. Deagle raising the prices does not diminish, but seems to increase the audiences he gets......The "fascinating Hudson" (Julia Backus) and her sister Lola, have retired from the Varieties; the former, it is said, on account of ill health...... Purdy, the indomitable, still holds his own, and proves the greater favorite the longer tried; so, too, with many other members of the Varieties company, too many to mention......At the Bowery, Fred Shaw, Kate Walters, Charley Lewis, Johnny Boyce, and M'lle Leonora, are the principal attractions, but no matter who are the "great cards," Esher takes in the dimes at a comfortable rate.

John H. Carle, with his daughters, Estella and Celestine, the Star Sisters, have strengthened the company at the Opera House, Toledo, Ohio, where Blake & Hayes are the lessees. The regulars are Lew Benedict, J. F. Oberist, Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Blake, J. G. Gomaze, James A. Hayes, W. J. Mack, C. Rivers, H. A. Fistler, H. Taylor, etc. That pantomime of "The Coopers," and other novelties, have brought the concern along with success until now, the twelfth week of the season.

The Misses Wyatt, Helen and Julia, are to commence this week with manager Tom Hampton, at Springfield, Mass., and have enlisted as "three weeks' men." The opening on the 9th "went $35 better" than any previous opening at that house, so it is said. Miss Lucille is a safe card. Geo. E. Wilson is all right for stage manager. The company were well harmonized while performing for Tom Hampton the previous six months in Hartford. By the way, Tom's new theatre in the latter city is "going up" right away, and will be occupied by a well-chosen company in September next.

From a correspondent at Pittsburgh Landing, we learn that Dick Cunningham, comic vocalist, was killed in the skirmish on the 17th of May. R. D. Cunningham was Sergeant Major of the 2d Illinois Battery. He was well known in New York and Philadelphia.

York, Pa., has its Continental Concert Hall, and a bright place it seems to be. On the 10th there was a grand opening, to usher in the new company. George Desch, proprietor; E. Shaeffer, stage manager; Prof. Thiele, musical director. They have Addie Hunter, Master Willie, A. Pierce, Joe Cook, and, altogether, get up a big bill, what with et ceteras and what not, on the stage or on the waiter. Old York must laugh when seeing Joe Cook and A. Pierce in "Deaf as a Post, or What Will you Drink?"

"The jig's up!" that is, the jig dancing trial at the National, Boston. As previously mentioned by us, a silver pitcher was "up" for competition there. The Boston Pet (Julia Morgan) and the New York Favorite (Naomi Porter) have been "jig, jig, jigging" for some week or two, and on the 14th the final decision was announced to come off, "poz." A third candidate then offered for the championship and the pitcher—Miss Lizetta King, not so well known to fame, but all the more deserving of credit for her spirit and perseverance. The actual contest, finally, was between the two former ladies. The judges were Mr. John Stetson, Jr., and Mr. Joshua Danniels. The former decided in favor of Miss Porter, and the latter for Miss Morgan. Here was a jockey crotch! Some dissatisfaction being expressed among the audience, a referee was chosen from among them. This gentleman decided for Miss Morgan. Very great dissatisfaction was then expressed. Of course the award of the referee is final, but a subscription was immediately commenced for the purpose of presenting Miss Naomi Porter with a similar cup, and of equal value, as soon as possible. By the way, Kate Stanton intends to perform in a "trial dance" with both Julia Morgan and Naomi Porter, some evening this week, at the National. Well, the Boston sports are some on "trials" and "trials of speed."

Since the Detroit Theatre has been opened as a music hall, Beller's Concert Hall has to meet a strong competition. The Charley Morris Minstrels visited one the 14th, and Madame Bishop the other on the 16th.

Mons. La Thorne will appear in his cannon ball feats, at the Melodeon, Philadelphia, this week. Harry Leslie is also there, walking the rope. Hernandez continues among the attractions there.

Mr. Long, at his Varieties, South Third street below German, Philadelphia, has now one of the best companies that ever performed at the Varieties; in the troupe may be found Millie Leonetta, jig and fancy danseuse; Misses Rosa Volante, and Nagle; Messrs. Billy Holmes, J. C. Keen, Boswork, J. Smith, etc., who give a very pleasing entertainment, and no fee is charged to see the show. This is certainly what may be termed a "cheap place of amusement."

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels, of Philadelphia, will shortly start on a summer tour.

Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels gave three performances in the beginning of the past week, at Newark, N. J., where they did a splendid business. They finished the week at Hartford, Conn., and will resume their travels this week. They have been immensely successful in a pecuniary point, while their performances have given the greatest satisfaction; so much so, indeed, that they can go the same route over, and do well.

Hooley's Minstrels commence an engagement this evening, June 16th, at the Continental Theatre, Philadelphia. This band appeared recently at the Musical Fund Hall, in that city, but it is in an out-of-the-way place, and the attendance was not large. The Continental is in Walnut street, one of the principal thoroughfares, and it is to be hoped that larger audiences will now greet Hooley's Minstrels.

The Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge minstrels performed, so says "Wattie Rusher," at Albany on the 5th, 6th, and 7th. They are considered the *bon ton* of the profession, simply because everything is managed with an eye to the benefit of their patrons. Other minstrel companies have made a signal failure in Albany, not because the people were not willing, but because the blame rested with the managerial department.

Wood's Minstrels performed in Schenectady on the 7th and 9th, to rather poor business. The company is pretty good, but advertisements should precede the company. The people like style and flashy posters. The company consists of Sylvester Bleeker, manager; Theo. L. Jacobs, agent; J. H. Carleton, Billy Allen, S. Myers, W. Herman, J. Eastmead, J. Keelk, W. Brooks, R. Thompson, J. Owens, and J. Francis. They showed in Amsterdam on the 10th. So says "Wattie Rusher."

Duprez & Green's Minstrels do not strike Albany exactly about the 16th. They were at Geneva on the 9th; at Canandaigua (second time) on the 10th; at Elmira on the 11th; at Binghamton on the 12th; at Oswego on the 13th and 14th. They open the first two days of this week at Syracuse, at Wieting Hall. Albany will have to keep out in the cool a little while.

Hooley's Minstrels played for three nights last week in Brooklyn, and drew tolerably fair houses for that locality. Their performances were very good, a feature of them being the singing of Barbary Allen, by Fox, and the double accompaniment by Griffin. They gave a matinee on Saturday, June 14th, which was quite a successful affair.

CIRCUSES.

Robinson & Lake's Circus and Menagerie seem to be making out very well. The company is composed of Wm. Lake, Madame Agnes Lake, Little Alice Lake, Emma Lake, P. H. Seamon and lady, A. F. Aymar, Francois Starkarini, John Robinson, Jr., Master Leon Armand, Master Hernandez Seamon, Henry Blood, C. McKay Gibbs, and the Rolland Brothers, Guilaume and Henri. At Detroit, they were visited on the 7th by Major General Russell and *suite*, of Canada West. From Detroit they were to go into Canada, visiting Hamilton, Toronto, Belleville, Kingston, and then on to Montreal.

Goodwin & Wilder's concern, with Mrs. Dan Rice's Show, are moving along quietly, there being no other show near them at last advices. They are in Maine this week, opening on the 16th at Bath, and so on, closing the week at Newport; on the 23d and 24th they will be at Bangor. They will perform in Calais, Me., on the 4th of July, and thence off to Her Majesty's dominions.

From the Brazils we have a letter from Tom Lenton, who does not give a very encouraging account of prospects in that country. Money appears to be scarce, and growing worse on account of the failure of the coffee crop. However, we shall let friend Lenton tell his own story, which, no doubt, will be interesting to our readers generally, and to the circus profession in particular:—

Rio Preto, Provincia do Minas Geraes,
Brazils, S. A., April 17th, 1862.

Dear Frank—According to my last promise, in Rio Janeiro, I write you [We did not receive a Rio letter from you.—Ed. Clip.] a report of our travels and doings for the last two months. We left Rio Janeiro on the 24th of February, and commenced performing in Noitheroy, near Rio Janeiro, where we gave five performances, and doing but a passable business; that is, after doing such a big business in Rio. We next shipped everything on the cars to a small village called Maccacos, where we engaged four carts, each having six mules attached, which took all our baggage, canvas, &c. So we left for Vassoures, Province of Rio Janeiro, our performers being mounted on our own horses and stock, having eight horses and four mules, we started on the road. From Maccacos to Vassoures is five leagues, which took us twelve hours, on the road, to get over. I have travelled over the mountains of California, the slough holes of Indiana, and the swamps down South, but during the course of my life I never saw so much mud as we passed through here. However, through mud holes, up and down mountains, we arrived in Vassoures. It is a nice little city, among the mountains, laying in a valley. We got up our canvas, the city being announced previously. We here gave ten perfomances in fifteen days, all good houses, which paid us pretty well for our muddy struggle. The people of Vassoures are very kind and hospitable to strangers. From Vassoures, April 2d, we started for Valencia, province Rio Janeiro; this is five leagues from Vassoures. We gave three performances, on 5th, 6th, and 7th April. On the last here we had to refuse to sell tickets, which don't speak bad for the other two. But we had to leave to come to Rio Preto (here), province Minas Geraes, on account of Imanha Santa (Holy Week), there being a feast here at the end of this week, which, we think, will prove worth while coming for. We gave three performances here, April 11th, 12th, and 13th, which were but passable, as nobody, or at least very few, will go to any show during Holy week. The town is full of country people, and we expect to do a large business here on the 19th, 20th, and 21st, after which we shall return to Valencia, where the people are awaiting us. I like this country for show business; but any performance that comes here with the idea of making a fortune in a year, with one or two performers, will miss it. There are some three or four, somewhere near the city of Gotham, that can testify to this fact......For the purpose of letting our brother performers know how we are doing, I would remark that we are making a good salary, but not a rapid fortune. Our company has a first rate reputation, and everywhere we go, we are always received well......I have received a letter to-day from Rio Janeiro, which states that the "Honouria Family"—formerly a performer with Dan Rice—had just arrived from Bahia and Pernambuco, and stating that business was bad there, in consequence of the cities being attacked with cholera......Business in Circo Guarda Velha, managed by Correa de Sylva, has been giving only two performances a week. Business bad, supposed to be on account of rain, but in reality, owing to a scarcity of money in Rio at present, the cause of which I will give seriatim. ......Circo de Alexander Luande, is travelling in the province of San Paulo. They are now at a fair in Soracaba, having done a pretty fair business......There is another company travelling through Minas Geraes, directed by Angelo Honofro, an Italian......The Circo de Jacinto is now performing in Pretropolis......Friend Queen, I think there will be a great stress for money in the Brazils. In fact, it is felt more now than it has been for years, owing to the dreadful failure of the coffee crop. The crisis of this failure is not in full force yet, for some have hopes of a half crop; others are breaking up their farms, and moving for other parts of the country, to try and retrieve their lost fortunes. Some Estancios, with 200 slaves, have no work for them—slaves, mules, and everything belonging to them are at a stand still. They do not report this in Rio Janeiro, but I am amongst it, and have ocular demonstrations of it every day......Yesterday I rode sixteen miles, from Rio Preta to Valencia. It is a road all mountains, in a beautiful state of cultivation; on each side of the road, as far as the eye could reach, are coffee trees, and considered the finest coffee in the country. I stopped more than twenty times, and took some of the coffee off the trees to examine it. Upon plucking, some of it would have a healthy appearance; but on breaking the husk, or covering, it was all full of insects, worth nothing, and so it is in all the plantations in the province of Rio Janeiro, and in much of the province of Minas Geraes. It will be the ruination of thousands. Yours obediently,

Thomas Lenton.

P. S.—Please tell R. M. Hooley I should like to hear from him. Nichols and Rentz are both well. T. L.

Madigan & Carroll's Union Circus Company were at Albany, N. Y., on the 12th and 13th.

L. B. Lent's Hippozoonomadon opens at Little Falls on the 18th, and at Utica on the 19th. Of course the company show off their "athleolympimantheum."

Recent events in New Orleans have brought forward the fact that Boyd Robinson, the former Chief of Police there, was considered the best man that ever held the office. He is also the chief of the "Circus Robinson" family, and is now farming for his brother John, near Cincinnati. Boyd was educated by Mr. Thos. Mitchell, of Utica, N. Y.

Detroit has had a couple of "loud" calls lately. Robinson & Lake's Circus Company dropped in on the 6th and 7th, and Dan Rice's Big Show did ditto on the 9th, 10th, and 11th.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Dodworth's Band gave a concert at Mechanic's Hall, Worcester, Mass., on the 13th. Fifty cents being the price announced for admission, the Worcester public had an astonishing attack of blindness; but, on the morning of performance, the price was set at twenty-five cents. Then, indeed, the Worcester folks began to "see it," and took hold of it just like Worcester sauce.

Some printers, who evidently know more about the rules than the reasons of orthography, continue to assert that Annetti Galletti contemplates a "staring" tour. Heaven protect the poor girl!

Boston intends to shine out with a company of young ladies, dressed as Zouaves, and "drilled in the school of the soldier," who perform on the 17th June, at the Tremont Temple. During the drill, they also give a national oratorio. Afternoon and evening performances are promised. Mr. Watts, their leader, will keep the company permanently organized, if found to be successful.

We perceive that Union Festivals are coming into fashion. Let them come.

All sorts of artists are "on the move" out towards Colorado, Pike's Peak, Salmon River, and parts adjacent; and this reminds us of John G. Saxe's jolly lines—

"Hurrah for the land where the moon and the mountains
Are sparkling with treasures no language hath told,
Where the wave of the river and spray of the fountain
Are bright with the glitter of genuine gold."

Ossian E. Dodge, assisted by Messrs. Hayward, Covert, etc., have been harmonizing the Vermonters away up in the northwest corner of the Green Mountain regions, and are now coming down into the lowland districts of "the American Switzerland." This attractive party were at White River Village on the 12th, Windsor 13th, and Claremont, N. H., on the 14th. They commence this week at Springfield, Charlestown, N. H., 17th, and Walpole, N. H., 18th.

The Continentals were last heard of in the Western counties of New-York, and left Bucyrus on the 10th, on a tour of tuning up. They have D. D. Snyder, T. Martin Towne, T. M. Watson, W. E. Higgins, J. W. Yarndley, N. D. W. Ainsworth, etc.

Mr. J. Collins, Mrs. L. B. Perrin, and Miss Alice Placide, continue to give the "Colleen Bawn" at the Metropolitan, Buffalo, with Sydney Smith's management.

Father Reed's Old Folks Troupe commenced (as previously announced) in Troy on the 9th; the first two concerts for the benefit of the Troy sufferers. The company is not as large as Kemp's ole troupe. Father Reed himself is boss, and has the following apprentices: A. Drashko, Mrs. Drashko, Miss Hastings, soprano; Messrs. Syle and Folley, tenor; alto, Misses Haviland and Miss Goddard; bass, Messrs. Grier and Sypher. Business very good. After leaving Troy, they take up the line of the New-York Central road, and on to Chicago.

Signor Blitz has been prestophlisticating in Albany, for the benefit of the Young Men's Association. He began on the 9th for three nights; biz. very good. The Signor is always well received in Albany.

The Peak Family played to immense houses in Utica on the 6th and 7th. It is thought that Fannie Peak will soon rejoin the company.

Miss Kenney gave a concert in Boston on the 5th; Mr. Albert H. Fernold assisted as Pianist.

Jerome Blitz passed through Albany on the 7th, on a flying visit to New-York. He returns soon, to renew business.

Signor Blitz and Jerome may go to law after all. They have been bumping around and nearly hitting each other for several days. The Signor declares that Jerome is an impostor, and should be prosecuted for using his name. Jerome retaliates in different language. They are both big guns, and when they shoot, some one has got to come down.

The What Cheer Serenade Band gave their second concert at Veazie Hall, Providence, R. I., on Thursday evening, May 15th, (the first having been given at the same place on Thursday evening, March 27th,) to a large and respectable audience. A correspondent says:—"The attendance at the first concert was very fair, but at the last, the house was crowded to overflowing, hundreds being unable to gain admittance. For an amateur association, the concert was a very creditable affair indeed, and speaks well for the young men composing the same, this being their second appearance before the public. The band is composed of 19 members, as follows:—E F. Presburg, 1st violin; J. Brown, 2d do; W. F. Gridley, 2d do; G. E. Mason, 1st flute and piccolo; A. M. Haskell, 1st cornet; J. F. Warner, guitar; G. W. Payne, violincello; W. F. Carr, double bass; B. W. Clarke, Guitar; W. A. Penno, banjo; D. Zonze, flute; A. P. Sargeant, 2d cornet; J. S. Haskell, violincello; W. Walsh, viola; J. L. Remlinger, guitar; E. A. Young, snare drum; H. G. Arnold, and T. J. Huntley. The vocal department consists of J. Murphy, tenor; Warner, baritone; Remlinger, basso; Clarke, alto; and Messrs. Payne and Penno, trebles.

A rich thing has just come to light in Schenectady, N. Y. While the Peak family were ringing their notes there, a marshal entered the sanctum of the agent, and told him that there was a city ordinance, requiring the payment of five dollars for permission to show within their limits. The marshall continued—"Mr. Chase, our custom is not to exact the five dollars in money, *but to take it out in complimentary tickets*. It is a duty I do not like to perform, but the board requests me, as Marshall, to have it done. Therefore, *I should be pleased, sir, with twenty-two tickets* to your entertainment." Our correspondent, "Wattie Rusher," overheard the entire conversation. Mr. Chase and another visited the Mayor, and found out that the Marshall was right. He said—"We are allowed to charge five dollars, but we take it out generally in free tickets." Now, the question is, whether these fines are for the benefit of those in office, or for the treasury of the city? Be this as it may, let all good showmen be ready when they enter Schenectady to admit twenty-two dead-heads. In Auburn, N. Y., they have forty city officers, and each one invariably asks for a free ticket.

Hambujer, the magician, was at Lockport, N. Y., on the 3d.

During a performance by the Peak Family at Rand's Hall, Troy, on the 3d, for the benefit of the business agent, some boys started the Fourth of July sport of firing off crackers about a month in advance of the almanac. This was in front of the building, about 9 P. M., and a crowded audience took alarm from the idea that the floors were giving way. Luckily, Mr. C. C. Chase, the business agent of the Peak Family, and Mr. Rand, the owner of the building, were both present, so that order was gradually restored, and the performances resumed. Such sport is not what it is sometimes cracked up to be. The performances on the 2d had been for the benefit of the recent sufferers by fire in Troy, and Mr. Chase handed the Relief Committee the sum of $100, as the result, whereupon the following resolution was recorded:—"*Resolved*, That the thanks of this committee are due, and are hereby tendered the Peak Family of vocalists and bell ringers, for their humane and Christian efforts to aid the fund, for the relief of sufferers by the late fire."

Mrs. Wentworth (Laura Honey) Stevenson has been delighting our Montreal friends with her charming presence and angelic voice. Under the auspices of the St. Patrick's Society in that lively city, the grand annual concert to celebrate the birth-day of the departed Tom Moore was given at Nordheimer's Hall, on the 28th May. The principal performers were Mrs. Wentworth (L. H.) Stevenson, Miss Eudora Mitchell, Gustave Smith, and Fred. Ducharme, assisted by some very accomplished amateurs from the Tom Moore Club. On the 2d June, Mrs. Stevenson had a benefit at the same hall, on account of her last appearance this season. The affair was under the patronage of the principal civic and military authorities. Mons. F. Guenette, Mons. and Mdme. Boucher, Sig. De Angelis, and the band of the British 16th Regt., were among the additional assistants to those above named, and a splendid musical treat was the result.

Frank Rivers and his Olio Troupe are making quite a "high stage" at Halifax, N. S.

The new organ for the Boston Music Hall is to be put up this summer. The idea of an American city sending to Rotterdam for a church organ, certainly showed a steep dam of ignorance.

Dr. Colton, the gas man, with the Tremaine Brothers, did well enough in New Haven to suggest extra performances on the afternoons. Another visit is expected next week.

It was Father Gulick's Old Folks, and not Father Kemp's, that appeared in Albany, as mentioned in our correspondence last week. Father Gulick's company is called the "Continental Old Folks," and Reed, of the other troupe, did not, as we are requested to say, post ten bills to the Continentals' one, as Captain Smith—Mr. Gulick says—will testify. According to the latter's showing, Reed's company did nothing to compare to the business done by the Continentals. The latter returned to New York last week, for a short vacation.

AMATEUR.

Trovatoria Dramatic Association, Philadelphia.—According to our previous announcement, this company opened on the 3d. After a suitable address, delivered by J. T. Rogers, the new play, written by one of the members, and entitled "The Discarded Son," was given. Messrs. Bailey, Gray, and O'Rielly, are said to have done their best in the characters for which they had been cast; but the piece, as a whole, is described by "Vapid," one of our correspondents in that city, as "devoid of any merit at all." How *such* a piece should have been selected "at all" seems a very natural inquiry, if so. Next came the recitation, "Shamus O'Brien," by (bill name) Will Harper. "All That Glitters Is Not Gold" must have made a bill of "good scripture measure." On the 10th, the Trovatorias will be found giving "The Heir at Law" and "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady."

The Edwin Forrest D. A. of Philadelphia.—This lively party had their annual excursion on the 3d, and gave a performance at Engle & Wolf's Farm, commencing about 3, P. M., with the comedy of "The Lancers." The part of Belton was sustained by Mr. Adams, the Admiral by Mr. J. Davis. Mr. Roberts and the remainder are not praised by our correspondents, who seem to have been disappointed with the entire performance. If so, boys, "bad egg."

The Adair D. A. of New York.—On the 5th a meeting was held at Lincoln Hall, to elect officers, with the following result:—President, E. Stevens Keene; Vice President, B. R. Masterson; Secretary, Chas. Lewis; Treasurer, H. Walker. On the 10th, the bill and casts will be arranged for their opening performance, to take place in about three weeks. What's this dull town to us, without seeing Adair?

Worcester, Mass.—On the 11th, a "select" amateur dramatic performance was given at Washburne Hall, and the proceeds devoted to the "Soldiers' Relief Fund." It was so "select" that neither advertisements nor programmes were issued, and the admission was "put" at fifty cents. The result was an audience of two hundred, the very cream of Worcester cream. The theatre had been offered, but was refused. If it had been taken, and the admission "put" at twenty-five cents, certainly the "Fund" could have been no "worster."

St. Louis D. A.—This organization gave a performance in the hall of the St. Louis Museum on the 12th. The bill was "The Merchant of Venice" and "The Secret."

For Continuation of Theatrical Record, see page 75.

KISSES.

"Oh, kiss me and go!"
Said the maid of my heart,
And proffered her lip
As a hint to depart—
"The midnight approaches,
My mother will know,
My kindest and dearest,
Oh, kiss me and go.""

She gave me the blessing,
In such a sweet way,
The thrill of its pleasure
Enticed me to stay;
So we kissed till the morning
Came in with its glow,
For she said every moment
"Oh, kiss me and go!"

IMOGENE SINCLAIR;

OR,

THE VIRTUES AND VICES OF A BALLET GIRL.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JOHN F. GILWEE.

In the sumptuous parlor of one of the marble palaces on the Fifth avenue, in this city, not many months ago, were seated together the pompous and wealthy Mr. Jeremiah Sleek, the proprietor of the edifice, and Mr. Frank Fondlove, a young lieutenant in the army. A small tray, with a decanter of bright, rosy wine, and half full glasses, rested upon a side table; the conversation was animated, and at times almost assumed the character of vehemence. The discussion arose upon a subject which has recently engrossed much public attention, and has caused old hypocrites, veteran members of the Ancient Order of Early Piety, and small village legislators, to pour out their denunciations and wrath without stint upon an enlightened and industrious class of our people. They will not "see the players well bestowed," but will turn them out of doors, and afterwards use all possible means to prevent them from making an honest living. Mr. Jeremiah Sleek, the rich bone boiler, and codfish aristocrat of the biggest stripe in Fifth avenue, is one of those. It would be a fair assertion to make, that this old son of Bacchus never in his life came out of a business transaction with clean hands, and yet, you know, he sees the moat in other people's eyes, but neglects to remove it from his own. He entertains a holy horror of the theatrical stage, and several "wee drops," and a steady debater like Frank Fondlove, almost makes him a fit subject for a straight jacket.

But his aversion to the profession will be better understood by giving the dialogue which ensued between those worthy gentlemen.

"Allow me to tell you, Mr. Sleek, that I have good sound reason for sustaining an argument in favor of this profession. I have been upon the stage during three consecutive years, and I am willing to make an affidavit that I have witnessed as much decorum, modesty; and general good conduct upon it, as ever I have seen in private life, and you know my associations have been at least as good as yours."

"Nonsense, Lieutenant Fondlove; nonsense, sir. I like your sincerity in the matter well enough, but there is nothing I detest more than to hear a young man like you, who has been well bred, and has had the advantages of a liberal education, sustain a class proverbially known as vagabonds and outcasts from society. But 'a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind,' says the poet, and of course you will not bear the truth being told of characters with whom you have always associated, to the surprise of all your respectable friends."

"Respectable friends! Why, I believe I have just intimated that my friends in the theatrical profession have always been considered by me beyond reproach, except that they are often slandered by persons who, if they were to look close at home, would find more social vice and crime about them than could be really found in a theatrical company. The admonition in the Good Book, 'Let him that is without sin cast the first stone,' has always been a golden rule with me, and I believe, sir, that we all have our faults, great and small. You are especially violent against the ballet girl, but she is the one who begins at the first round of the ladder, and by genius, perseverance, and good conduct, in time, reaches the highest pinnacle of fame!"

At this point old Sleek having swallowed the contents of his glass, became almost too full for utterance; for he was one of those excitable old buffers who hate to be crossed in argument, and always flew into a violent passion when he was worsted, especially by one of a class whom he generally termed "impertinent young puppies," even if they had attained their twenty-first year. But he rallied, and looking fiercely at his young and smiling adversary, he burst forth—

"Lieutenant Fondlove, your conversation is unbearable, sir; yes, sir, unbearable, sir! I have always respected you—admired your intelligence and bravery—but the idea of defending a set of notorious vagabonds is disgusting."

This bile being discharged, and perceiving the Lieutenant laughing lustily at his fury, the old man became as it were ashamed of himself, and settled down in rather a subdued manner in his great arm chair. After Old Boreas calmed a little, the Lieutenant continued:—

"Now, my friend, Mr. Sleek, if you will only listen to me quietly for a few moments, I will close my conversation upon this subject. And I hope that I shall not only justify myself in your estimation, but that I shall convince you of having entertained a wrong opinion of those people, and prove to you that they have their virtues as well as their vices, the latter, in many instances, exceeding the former."

"Well, sir, go on! I *will* listen to you."

"I was educated to regard the theatrical profession, in a social light, with the deepest derision and antipathy. My parents were as strongly and religiously opposed to it as you are, and when I afterwards became fascinated with it, and joined a travelling company, they disowned me, and my brothers refused to recognize me in their strolls upon this avenue. But I was perfectly insensible to their sneers and frowns, and I pledge you my word and honor I have never regretted my association with the representatives of the immortal Shakespeare. It removed many of the silly, narrow prejudices which had been instilled into my youthful mind, and to which I would have still tenaciously clung. It has made me liberal and democratic in my views, and taught me that before men censure they should have fair and substantial grounds for so doing. I declare that in my experience on the stage, with all proper respect to your family and my own, I have seen more goodness of heart, more humane kindness, and more chastity displayed by members of that profession, from the ballet girl to the leading actress, than I have ever known to exist in our aristocratic belles and heiresses, with their diamonds, and pearls, and costly outfits. Those delicate butterflies, who turn up their dainty noses at the paint and powder of an actress, but who use it in their own drawing-rooms with far more extravagance, and a less artistic hand.

"Now, I will relate to you a little story, the facts connected with which came under my own observation, when I was in Cincinnati. A poor but honest family resided in one of the prominent streets of that city, and the father, who had been once a successful and enterprising mechanic, failed in business, and was taken sick with a fever, from which he never recovered. His death turned a widow and four helpless orphans out upon the cold charity of a heartless world. The eldest of those is the heroine of my story. Imogene Sinclair was the loveliest child I ever saw. Without any exaggeration, I actually considered her beauty heavenly, and her intelligence and vocal ability at school when her father died—she was then scarcely seven years of age—won the admiration of her tutors and companions. The stage manager of the theatre at which I was engaged became interested in the poor family, and he requested her mother to allow Imogene to become his adopted child. The poor mother at first refused to allow her child to leave her own presence, but being further prevailed upon by her friends, she finally consented. Imogene left her mother, and from that time forth her destiny was shaped—her lot was cast. She was taken to the theatre, and the first dramatic representation she ever witnessed impressed her young mind with an unconquerable determination to become a member of a profession which nature seemed to have so bountifully and peculiarly adapted her to. She was instructed, and the night of her first appearance before the footlights was decided upon. She gave evidences of great talent for the stage, and it was said by all, that in time she would make a shining mark. Her *debut* was in an operatic ballet, and so cleverly and untimidly did she perform the little business assigned to her, that she was caressed by the entire company, and idolized by the manager. The full, clear notes of her splendid voice rang so high above all others in the chorus, that they bewildered the audience, and excited a curiosity to know who the gifted creature really was. From that night forth her efforts were successful, and obtaining a liberal salary, she returned to her mother and her home, where she was the main support of her little sisters until they grew able to support themselves. By this time she had grown to be a most splendid and amiable woman. Her character was pure and bright as the morning sun, her conduct and demeanor at the theatre was the praise of every tongue, and her intimacy with her associates was polite, amiable, and dignified. Thus she lived on, loved and respected by all who knew her, until her mother died, when she resolved upon visiting this city, with a view of obtaining a higher position in her profession. She was soon engaged at one of our leading theatres, where she became a great favorite, and was soon held in the same social esteem she so honorably earned in her native city. In a short while after her arrival here, she took up a newspaper one morning, and read therefrom a statement of a case of thrilling destitution said to exist in one of the bye streets in the lower part of the city. It was that of a poor sewing girl, who had been led astray and then deserted, but left in such a heartless and miserable condition that she was starving in a garret, unpitied and uncared for. The next down town omnibus conveyed our noble-hearted actress to the wretched invalid's bedside. Medical and every other attendance was provided for her, and the prostrate and dying unfortunate was raised up, and nursed by the untiring and charitable attention of the gentle and tender-hearted Imogene Sinclair. But her patient was doomed to die, and when she had passed 'to that bourne from whence no traveller returns,' her noble benefactress completed her work of charity, and laid her in her grave."

"Well, *she* was certainly a noble creature," said Mr. Sleek, with a suppressed sigh. "But then she was an exception."

"Ah! my friend, there are many instances of a like charitableness and goodness of heart to be related of that much abused class; but one Imogene Sinclair would, in my estimation, dignify an entire profession. However, my story is not yet finished. The saddest part of it is to be told. Twelve months after the occurrence of the event just related, she made the acquaintance of what they term a fine, dashing young man. He had a very handsome *external* appearance, and his father being a wealthy man, doing business in Wall street, his dollars, like the locks of his black hair, were unstained. He came, he saw, and conquered. The poor, confiding, guileless girl, became fascinated with him, and he, to prove the purity and unselfishness of his love, offered her his heart and hand, and in a few months they were privately married. Everything went merry as marriage bells with the happy couple, until the father of the young husband discovered the heinousness of his son's offence against his family in contracting a marriage with a common actress. The old man's agony became intense, and his horror-stricken daughters wept crocodile tears of great magnitude. Their virtuous and adorable Charles Augustus was irretrievably lost. What was to be done to hide the shame brought upon the princely house of Flummery? Ah! there was one resource left. Charles Augustus, the prodigal son, must be sought out. He must be abused, remonstrated with, and threatened to be cut off without a shilling if he does not abandon his wife. Charles withers under his stern parent's anger, but atones for his folly and wickedness by pleading the goodness and fondness of his wife. He explains her beauty, accomplishments, and social character, but the infuriated Barkins will not relent. There is but one course left. If Charles will go abroad, no matter to what part of the world, so that he will desert his lovely wife, his purse shall be crammed, and he shall want for no luxury his heart can wish for. He, of course, hastened to her side, and related his father's anger and the course he was determined to pursue toward him. He could not bear to lose the wealth he had previously so recklessly squandered, and his father's resolution was firmly fixed. The poor terror-stricken, but hopeful Imogene received this intelligence with assumed calmness and fortitude, although her lofty spirit was wounded by the insulting slur thus cast upon her spotless name. She pleaded, advised, and encouraged. She promised that while she lived they would be happy and contented; and that by her efforts alone, they might live independent, and sneer at the ingratitude of their father. Charles was silent, but there was an ominous restlessness about him which inspired the confiding creature beside him with suspicion and fear. From that day forth he became less attentive and affectionate to her, and his manner became gloomier and more irritable.

"One day, upon returning from rehearsal, and entering her room, she found a note upon the table. She snatched it up eagerly, for her heart sank within her from mingled anxiety and fear. It was from Charles. He had bade her farewell, forever. She uttered a wild shriek, and fell upon the floor. A chambermaid ran in, and found her in a swoon. Restoratives were applied, and she revived. During that day she sat by the window, gazing vaguely, but pensively into the street. What had she ever done to merit this cruel fate? After a career of industry, perseverance and chastity, she was now cast off like a worthless, guilty thing—a ruined woman. The thought was too much to bear. The sensitive, confiding, and loving Imogene Sinclair could not survive the stroke. That night she returned from the theatre earlier than usual, but a light burned in her room until a very late hour. In the morning, at the usual hour for calling her, she made no reply. The inmates became alarmed, and upon the door being forced open, she was found dead. The good, the lovely, and the once happy ballet girl had fallen a victim to the perfidy and remorseless cruelty of those of whom she was in every true sense their superior. She had written a letter during the night which was left directed and sealed upon the table, stating that it was time for her to die; she had taken poison, and retired to her long, last sleep. So she now fills an unhappy suicide's grave. How do you like the picture?"

The haughty Jeremiah Sleek was spell-bound. He had nothing to say, but fixed his eyes upon the floor, and seemed to be seized with a deep feeling of pity and compassion.

"Ah, Mr. Sleek," concluded Frank Fondlove, "we know what we are, but know not what we may be; for, you may depend upon it, 'there is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may!'"

A DESCRIPTION OF THE EPSOM DERBY,

FROM A FRENCH POINT OF VIEW.

BY M. ESQUIROS.

I was now anxious to follow the preparation for the great race, upon which centred all the interest of the great multitude, and which confers on the conqueror the blue ribbon of the Turf. No jockey who rides a horse for the Derby should weigh more than 8¼ stone. On the basement of the Grand Stand is a sort of vault, or cellar, of sufficiently gloomy appearance, which bears the name of weighing-room. There assemble the jockeys, an extraordinary race of pigmies, light as feathers, strong as athletes, and whom one would take at first sight for children, but that their tan-colored faces often discover an already decrepid youth. They arrive booted and clad in a long brown coat, and seem a kind of chrysalis, from which stage they emerge clothed in satin and bright colors. One after another they gravely seat themselves in the scale. Some of them are fabulously light in weight; some English jockeys only weigh three or four stone; the difference between this and the necessary amount being made up by the addition of shot which they carry. However, the bell has rung, and the time has come to saddle the horses. The curious crowd rush to the paddock to be present at the ceremony of saddling, and I followed their footsteps. This last toilet of the horses consists more particularly in stripping them—removing all their clothes. This reminds me of the story of the English lady's maid, who, alluding to the very low body of her mistress's dress, said one day, "I am going to *undress* my lady, so that she can go to her Majesty's Theatre." The horses which run in the Derby should be only three years old; they are, consequently, in the flower of their beauty. At the sight of the noble creatures, all became enthusiastic. Where's Dundee? His proud and fearless appearance, his wild eye, won everybody's admiration. I ought to say that, at a time like this, the opinions that are given concerning the actors of the day are governed by interested views. Each one sees his horse through the amount of the bets he has made, as we see variously through differently colored spectacles. But Dundee being the lion of this Derby—that is to say, the horse upon which the foundation of many supposed fortunes had been laid—he was also the horse which was the most admired. Scarcely did they deign to notice the sovereign modesty of Kettledrum, (*sic*) or the impatient ardor of Diaphantus, (*sic*) who tried all he knew to throw his jockey. For myself, who made my observations with disinterested eyes, I did not altogether share, I must own, the infatuation of the English for their race-horses. In spite of their lithe forms, their small, pretty heads, their stag-like flanks, their slanting shoulders, their necks on which are traced their veins like the nerves of a vine leaf, these horses did not reach the *beau ideal* of the breed which I had seen represented in Greek and Roman sculpture. One amateur to whom I had the the temerity to express my doubts, contented himself by shrugging his shoulders. Another more indulgent, or better bred, took the trouble to explain to me that the beauty of horses, like that of all living creatures, was to be reckoned according to the nature of the services expected of them. These have the especial grace for the course; they are the birds (the flyers) of their species; they don't run, they fly. With their skins polished and glossy as satin, their manes plaited like the hair of a young English girl, and their parti-colored riders on their backs, the horses took the direction along the course to the starting-post. As soon as they appeared in the open—at the sight of these creatures in very flesh and blood, which had hitherto been scarcely more than myths and dreams to the crowd—the betting fever redoubled itself with ungovernable fury. The whole of the vast area of the Downs was but an immense green covering of a gaming table, on which rained pieces of gold. Proud of carrying the fortunes of many thousands of men, the horses had arrived more or less quiet near the post from which they were to dash into the arena.

The course had just been cleared, when a dog, profiting by the occasion, commenced running with all his speed down the empty space, in the midst of shouts of ironical applause. It is curious to observe to what an extent the smallest incidents, which would be unnoticed in a small gathering of people, raise interest and notice amongst an immense throng already excited by strong emotion. One of my neighbors said to me, "I know him; that's a dog bitten by the fly of celebrity. Every year, at the Derby, he commences the same game, and I must say he has managed to get himself talked about, for his exploits are invariably recounted in all the English papers which give an account of this meeting." This dog, indeed, enjoys in the racing an unbounded notoriety.

The starting post was now the object of general curiosity. It is no small matter to well manage the important manœuvre of the start. The starter, who gives the signal to go, should possess energy, patience, and a quick, sure eye, for among these refractory steeds, some escape like an arrow from the hand which would hold them, others bound and turn, and refuse to come to the line. When at length they are ranged in a tolerably even line, about 300 yards from the post, the starter sticks in the earth a large staff, painted in two colors, he holds in his hand, and cries with a loud voice, "Go!" At the same instant the red flag which is near the post is lowered; it is upon this that the jockeys have to fix their eyes. "They're off! They're gone!" Such is the cry which resounds from hill to hill. *Alea jacta est!* The turf palpitates, breathes, lives, so much do the horses seem to become a portion of the space which they devour. These sons of the wind, with their butterfly riders all shining with silk and gold, dash along at first in a straight line for about three-quarters of a mile, then turn gradually and describe, in running, an arc, which terminates by bringing them into sight. They are lost for some seconds behind a street of tents, huts, and other erections on wheels (house carts,) which crown the crest of the hill. This moment is an age—a moment of uncertainty, terrible for those concerned, and in which, as in ancient tragedies, the most pathetic scene is played behind the curtain. The depth of the silence can only be compared to the extent of the crowd, but beneath this silence are hidden many concealed storms. Again, the interest in the Derby is by no means confined to the point at which the sight is confined—that is to say, at those last hills which are lost, covered with heads, in a cloudy horizon. All England is at Epsom, in heart and thought; the breeze from the Downs carries afar the great news, and half London has already learned by telegraph that the horses have started. They have disappeared—they are coming again. There they are! neck to neck, head to head, nostril to nostril—they struggle amongst themselves in swiftness and fury. Ah! for this once, the emotion felt is too great, and vents itself in cries and exclamations! "Hurrah! Dundee wins. No; it's Kettledrum!" The names of these two horses which lead the van of the flying group are heard in the midst of the applause and the hurrahing until they have reached the winning post—a post opposite to which sits the judge in his chair. An excited crowd presses on from all parts, jumps over the chains which are stretched by the side of the course, and pushes on to the end of the Downs. A machine which looke like the scaffold of a guillotine has already proclaimed the number of the winner. It is Kettledrum.

This news was at first received with a great feeling of surprise, for Kettledrum, who had carried off the prize, had been regarded by the majority of turfites as a not very powerful adversary. I saw the betting man of our party return with a very long face. "Ah!" cried he, "the wrong horse has won." I understood that the horse was the wrong one in the sense that my friend had omitted to bet upon him. He, however, soon got the better of his emotion, and added, "After all, I am satisfied; my horse has come in second, and he would have won if he had not sprained his foot (?) towards the end of the race." Soon surprise was succeeded by enthusiasm. Plaudit upon plaudit rose in honor of Kettledrum. The conqueror was saluted with frenzy by those who, a quarter of an hour before, would not have hazarded a shilling in his favor. See, however, what success is! A horse that wins the Derby, if before the race he was ever so low in the betting, becomes all at once a celebrity, a power, an object of veneration, and a mine of wealth for the owner. First of all, he receives the amount of the stakes, that is to say—the amount of the subscriptions which have been paid in advance (?) by all the owners of the various horses entered for the race, and of which the nett value amounted, in 1861, to £6,225. That sum, is however, nothing in comparison to the extent and importance of the engagements which the winner of the Derby obtains for the other races of the year (?). His fame alone is a capital. All the English papers carefully describe his genealogy, history, owner's name, as well as that of his trainer and jockey. His portrait (I speak of the horse) is engraved, photographed, painted in oil, by the best artists; this portrait figures conspicuously in the rooms of the turfites, in the offices of the sporting journals, in the clubs, and even in certain taverns, where it establishes a rivalry with the picture of the Duke of Wellington. His glory is discounted in bank notes in all the markets of England, and he is very sure of being the future favorite in all the races in which he pleases henceforth to show himself.

My attention was now turned towards the multitude who peopled the plains and downs of Epsom—it was a moving sight. Flocks of pigeons thrown into the air by a thousand persons, described circles above the ocean of heads, and after becoming acquainted with their whereabouts, dispersed themselves in various directions, carrying under their wing the names of the victorious animal. These innocent messengers have been, it is said, sometimes employed for unfair purposes; they have communicated to certain persons the result of the race at the moment when, the news being still unknown at the place, bets were still being made.

At the same instant, all hands were called to the task of unpacking the provisions; a formidable explosion of champagne corks strikes the air on all sides, and mingles with the thousand palpitations of the little birds' wings. Two questions have considerably occupied Englishmen, and remain at present unanswered. Whence comes all the money which is lost and won, and all the wine which is drunk at Epsom on the Derby Day? Some sportsmen have estimated that nearly a million sterling changes hands on that day on account of bets. As to the number of bottles of wine, that has never been calculated, and never will be. The liquor of Ai (?) runs, gurgles, sparkles, and froths in every glass—this froth is the symbol of the day's fortune—it mounts, it foams, it runs over, and what becomes of it? Amongst the feasters, some drink to celebrate their victory, others to console themselves for their defeat. No external sign beyond betrays the horrible anxiety for the future, and the sombre dissenchantments which follow all horse-races. What castles in the air have disappeared. But one sees nothing of all this. An Englishman seldom puts off till to-morrow any serious business; but he willingly puts off till then any bad temper. Those who have lost their money haven't on that account lost their appetites; they do not the less furiously attack the pigeon pies and other pyramids of cold provisions which every carriage has brought with it. They are eating in the open air, they are eating in the booths, they are eating in the Grand Stand, they are eating everywhere. In the Grand Stand, the magnificent refreshment saloon displays all the splendors of the English *cuisine*. There may be seen the patrons of the Turf, the members of the English aristocracy, and even many foreign princes. I recognized there the Duke of Cambridge, the Count of Flanders, and the Duke of Chartres. My omnibus friend, the chronicler of the turf, was of opinion that this Derby was one of the most animated, noisy, joyous Derbies he had ever seen. "There are wanting, however," said he, "two personages who gave relief to the *fete*—viz, Jerry and Baron Nicholson, who every evening caricatured a chief justice at the Cider Cellars. He kept here, during the races, a refreshment booth. His daughter, to whom he has left scarcely any other fortune—Miss Nicholson—succeeds him this year, and seeks to sustain the reputation of the booth. But who will restore to the *habitues* of the Derby the big belly, the triple chin, the jolly, mocking face, the *bon mots*, and capital wit and humor of the poor Chief Justice? You did'nt know Jerry? he was an original who affected the airs of a ruined gentleman. He wore a coat of the latest fashion, although often torn, a three-cornered hat, and an eye-glass. Thanks to the freedom granted at Derby time, he approached the carriages of the aristocracy, and engaged in familiar conversation with the ladies. One could detect errors in his grammar; not the less, however, did he speak with a sort of *bon ton*, and a fashionable ease. As he knew all the members of the English nobility, he was often intrusted with messages for Lord or Lady ——. After paying his court, he extended his hand to receive his half-crown, performed a profound majestic salute, then retired." The Derby, it may be explained, is the only day in the whole year when a kind of *entente cordiale* is established between all classes of society. The interest in the races, of which everybody partakes in the same degree, makes the difference less between the great and small. On this day, my lord bets on a footing of equality with his tenant, and the duchess doesn't mind being thought to be made of the same flesh and bone as that fat tradesman's wife, who draws herself stoutly up in her carriage, and with whom her grace deigns to exchange smiles. English propriety, so imperious at other times, suddenly loses its stiffness. I will give but one example; a carriage filled with women was stationed in our enclosure; the women, who at first conducted themselves with certain modesty, allowed the mask to fall little by little, smoked cigars, and took a little too much champagne. A respectable Englishman had the temerity to mount into their carriage and exchange some pleasantries with them (!); he was called to account for having done this, but he defended himself on the plea that it was Derby Day (!).

A last race, the Burgh Stakes, had just closed the day's proceedings. It was six o'clock; the crowd commenced to pour away, and greenness re-appeared on the heights of Epsom. This is the moment when gipsies prowl, and when old women search each blade of grass to gather the fragments of the feast; sometimes, even the money which has been dropped. Our omnibus took the road to London. In going off the course, we were assailed with a shower of oranges. Some of my companions began to get angry; but the old turfite bade them remember that formerly stones were frequently thrown. We had nothing to do then but thank our stars. In the uncovered carriages, which, like us, sought their way through the triple row of vehicles, a great number of betting men carried in their hats little wooden figures. I was at first informed that that was the sign of those who had won; but, as upon this state of things there were more winners than betters, I concluded that many decorated themselves with this trophy in order to conceal their losses. The number of these little puppets which are sold is incalculable. After having rolled along a road encumbered with every species of conveyance and having stopped many times to quench the thirst of the travellers, our omnibus at last reached the foot of London Bridge. What especially strikes a foreigner in this immense meeting at Epsom, going and returning, is the absence, apparent at least, of all authority. The police interfere only in extreme cases, and take thieves and protect individuals. Elsewhere, the government teaches the people how to amuse themselves; the Englishman alone pleases himself after his own devices, and demands elbow-room for himself.

Such is the Derby—a curious, unique, free display of a free people, to which we have nothing in our French *fetes* worthy of being compared. We have, it is true, our *Longchamps* and *Mardi-gras*, without reckoning our races at Chantilly and the Bois de Boulogne. Well, the Derby comprises all these, for it is at the same time an exhibition of fashion, a carnival, and a race meeting. The English call our Chantilly Races, races *a la* Watteau, and it must be owned that between them and the Derby there is all the difference between a *fete champetre* of Watteau and the famous fair of Reubens. Then, and this is the point where one can recognise the practical character of the English, a great business is combined on this day, amongst our neighbors, with the pursuit of pleasure. Under the *fete* of Longchamps there is only a frivolity, under the *Mardi-gras* a folly, whilst under the Derby there is this solid advantage—the improvement of the breed of the horse, which the English look upon as occupying the highest position in the animal kingdom.

AN OLD SCOTCHMAN'S IDEA OF HAPPINESS.—Some persons have singular ideas of the perfection of worldly happiness. A Scotchman who has resided in this State for nearly thirty years, and who has accumulated a very handsome property, recently sent for his father, with the view that the old gentleman should share his prosperity, and slip away from the long lease of life as smoothly as possible. One day a short time ago a friend of the family paid a visit to the mansion where the old gentleman was living with his son, and took occasion to compliment the proprietor of the estate on its surpassing loveliness and cosy comfort. The owner, full of love for his home, said he looked upon it and its surroundings as "a perfect heaven on earth." "Heaven on earth!" growled the old man—"Heaven on earth, and no' a thimble fu' o' whiskey in the haill house?"

A NEW GAME.—By recent California exchanges, we discover that a new game has been invented there, but by no means a fair one, it would seem, as various parties have been hauled up and fined heavily for practising it upon "unwary travellers." It is called "propps." Let our country cousins who visit New York look out that they don't get propped by "propps," for we doubt not the "improvement" will soon find its way hither.

I'LL BET YE, LIZZIE.—A clergyman, consoling a young widow on the death of her husband, remarked that she could not find his equal. "I'll bet I will," remarked the sobbing fair one.

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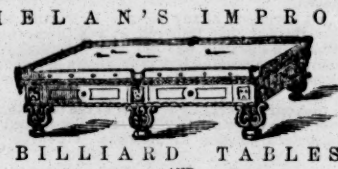

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